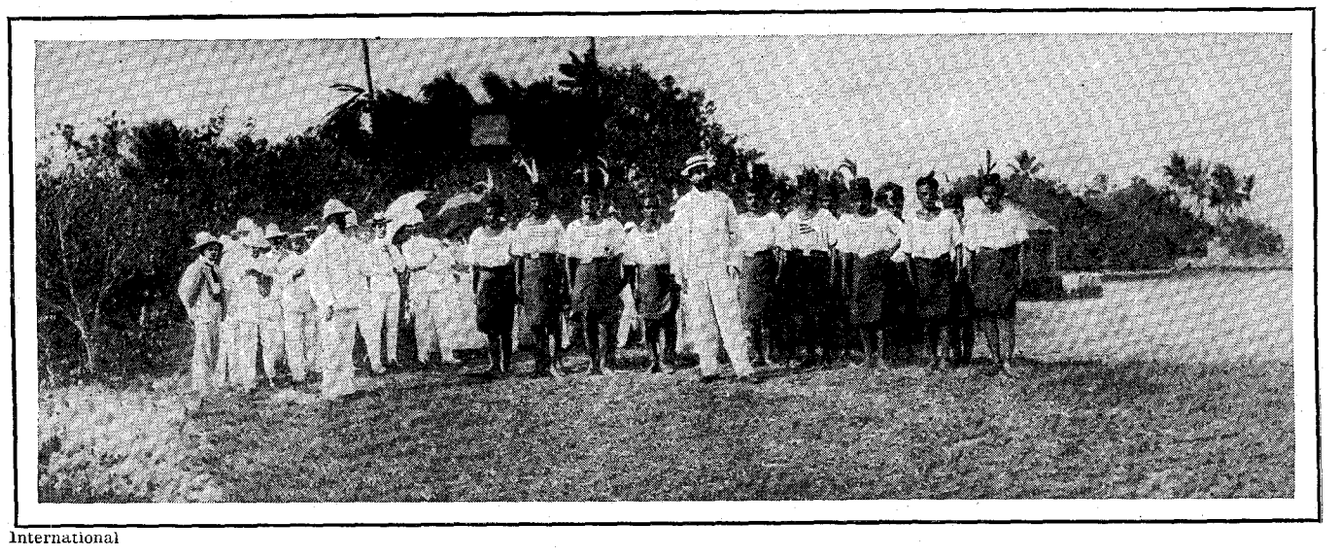
The Outlook

MAY 11, 1921



International

THE LAST GERMAN GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND OF YAP, WITH A GROUP OF HIS GUESTS AND HIS NATIVE BODY-GUARD

YAP AND DJAMBI

ON April 29 two striking events occurred in the emphasis of American rights abroad.

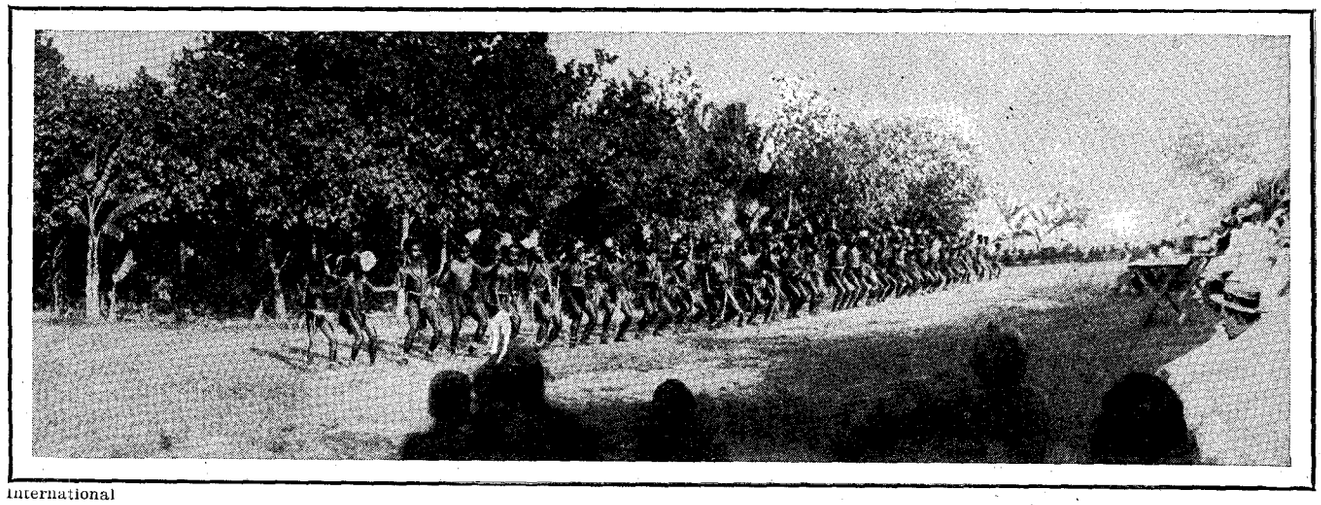
One was the publication of a note from the Italian Government to ours concerning international rights at that center of cable communication in the Pacific, the island of Yap. We quote the following:

> Italy is fully convinced that the United States is not asking for any privilege in the island of Yap which is not equally granted to every other nation, including Japan. Italy is also convinced that the United States intends to protect its interests in the island of Yap with full consideration for the interests of other nations.
>
> Italy, therefore, has not hesitated to express herself in a way which completely agrees with the text of the American note of the 5th of April inst., concerning the equality of rights among mandatories in the exercise of their mandates.

The second event was the publication the French Government's similar assurance three weeks ago.

The second event was the publication by the State Department of a letter addressed by William Phillips, our Minister at The Hague, to the Dutch Foreign Minister. The Dutch have continually shut us out from becoming financially interested in the development of the oil resources of the Dutch East Indies. A case in point is that of the Djambi oil field in the island of Sumatra. It is proposed that a monopoly of this field be given to a combination of the Dutch Government and the Batavia Oil Company, the latter said to be controlled by British capital. A bill to this end has passed one house of the Dutch Parliament. It would bar the bid of any American oil interest for a concession in that region.

While Mr. Phillips is careful to say that our Government is aware of the laws and regulations in the Dutch Indies which prohibit foreign companies as such from entering the colonies for oil development, he does call attention to the fact that American capital stands ready to assist in that development. He asks for equal opportunity. He declares that we have borne the burden of supplying "a large part of the petroleum consumed by other countries and that the petroleum resources of no other country have been so heavily drawn



International

NATIVES DANCING IN HONOR OF THE OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE U. S. S. SUPPLY ON HER VISIT TO THE ISLAND OF YAP

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upon to meet foreign needs as have those of the United States." As ample supplies of petroleum have become necessary to our life and property, our Government "finds no alternative than the adoption of the principle of equally good opportunity, with the proviso that no foreign capital may operate in public lands unless its Government accords similar or like privileges to American citizens."

Dutch capital has enjoyed free access to our oil deposits. Why should not access to the oil on our public lands be denied to foreign Governments which refuse to allow our citizens to share in the development of the fields under their control?

"Equality of opportunity"—Secretary Hughes proposes to maintain that principle wherever possible. Exhibit I: Yap. Exhibit II: Djambi.

A PANAMA RECORD

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S greatest single constructive work was the building of the Panama Canal. If he had wavered or weakened before Colombia's crooked scheming or faltered as physical difficulties arose, American failure might have followed French failure. The recent discussion on the history of our recognition of the Panama Canal has only emphasized the greatness of the undertaking.

And just at the time when the political and international questions have come to the front we have a report which shows the magnitude of the world's work that is done by the Panama Canal. The high record for tonnage of traffic through the Canal and also for tolls earned was made in March last. If we remember rightly, the first month of operation of the Canal, in 1914, yielded about $100,000. But now a monthly yield of over $1,000,000 has been made several times. The record of March was about $1,105,000, and the report of registered tonnage for the month was 1,417,220, while both in February and March over three hundred vessels passed through. The former troubles with landslide impediments have been done away with by engineering skill and hard labor.

More and more the Panama Canal is a great world asset; its special value to this country needs no demonstration.

A WOMAN AS CABINET MINISTER

MRS. RALPH SMITH is, we believe, the first woman ever to be appointed to a Cabinet office. For many years she has been prominent in getting legislation adopted in British Columbia for the benefit of women. Her work was so thoroughly appreciated that at the last election the citizens of Vancouver returned her at the head of the poll. This was in itself a great compliment to the work which she had already done as a member of the British Columbian Provincial Parliament.

The nine provinces of Canada have each a separate Parliament and administration, with a Lieutenant-Governor appointed by the Governor-General of Canada at the head of the executive branch of the provincial governments.

A correspondent of The Outlook in

Keystone

MRS. RALPH SMITH, MEMBER OF THE CABINET OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

Vancouver writes to us that, "as a wife, mother, and widow, Mrs. Smith understands perhaps better than the mere male what legislation is necessary for the protection of the women and children of the provinces."

She has now been further honored by being given a seat in the Cabinet. She is at present "Minister without portfolio."

A SENATOR FREED

THE United States Supreme Court has reversed the decision of the Federal Court in which Senator Newberry, of Michigan, was found guilty of a conspiracy to violate the Federal Corrupt Practices Act during his Senatorial campaign. The offense with which Senator Newberry was charged was not one which of itself involved moral turpitude. He was not charged with bribery, which would be a moral crime whether or not the statutes declared it so, but with spending more than the law allowed for purposes of publicity during a primary campaign.

The Supreme Court, in passing upon Senator Newberry's case, uttered two opinions: First, unanimously it reversed the convictions of Senator Newberry and his associates on the ground of error in the trial judge's instruction to the jury. Second, it declared that the specific clause of the law under which Senator Newberry was convicted was unconstitutional. In the latter case the Supreme Court divided five to four. The majority opinion (although we have not yet seen the complete text of the decision) appears to have been given on the ground that, while Congress had the power to regulate the manner of holding elections for Federal offices, it did not have the power to control party primaries or conventions for selection of candidates for Federal office.

This second decision eliminates the necessity for a retrial of Senator Newberry's case. Mr. Newberry's career has proved his patriotism and his ability as a public servant. It is a relief to know that he will not be required to pay a penalty the justice of which has at best been questionable under a law which in some of its provisions is certainly unreasonable and which has now been declared unconstitutional.

CONGRESS TO DECLARE PEACE

THE Knox Resolution has passed the Senate. It now goes to the House. If passed there, as expected, the President has promised to sign it.

The Senate vote was not wholly partisan. Several Democrats voted for it and one Republican, Senator Nelson, of Minnesota, was paired against it, first because, in his opinion, it failed to sustain the claims of France for reparation due, and, second, because it contained no provision intended to compel Germany to live up to her agreement to disarm.

The Resolution does three things:

(1) It declares the war between Germany and the United States at an end thus conforming the legal situation to the fact.

(2) Property taken under the provision of the Alien Property Act it holds for final disposition by treaty with Germany.

(3) It does not follow the text of the Knox Resolution of a year ago, vetoed by President Wilson, in "not waiving any of the rights to which we became entitled under the armistice or the Treaty of Versailles, but declares (in language suggestive of the present Secretary of State) that the United States *reserves* those "rights, powers, claims privileges, indemnities, reparations, or advantages." We are thus still in a position to enforce our rights, and, as an agency of such enforcement, to keep our army in the Coblenz area.

We have never before ended a state of war by Congressional resolution. But it is argued that it may lawfully be so

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HOW WILL PAN-GERMANY PAN OUT?

CARTOONS SELECTED BY OUTLOOK READERS

Burn in the Knoxville Journal and Tribune

THE SHOE IS ON THE OTHER FOOT

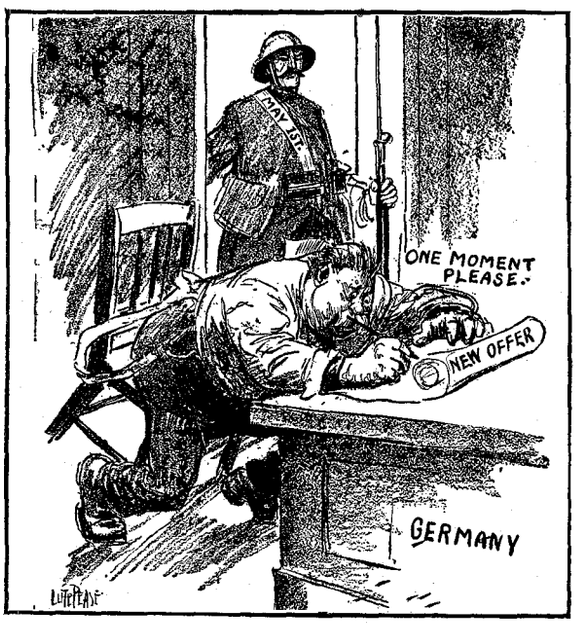
From C. N. Franklin, Jefferson City, Tenn.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

CHAFF

From M. E. Balis, Germantown, Pa.

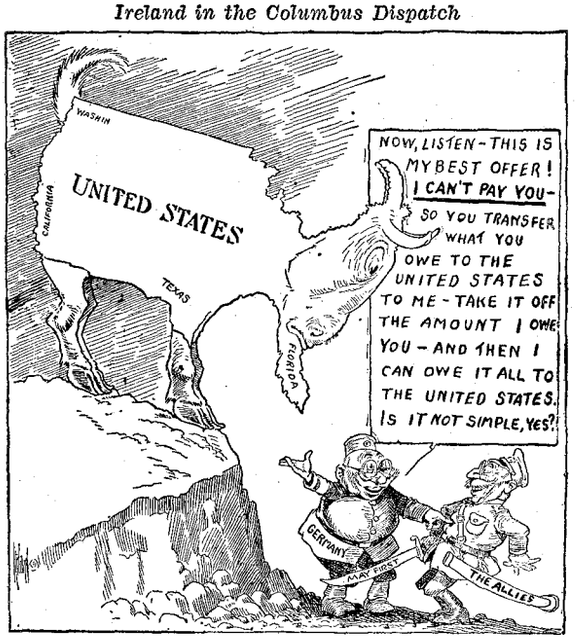
Pease in the Newark Evening News



REALLY GETTING BUSY?

From Ethel Weeks, Kearny, N. J.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch


WASH'N
UNITED STATES
CALIFORNIA
TEXAS
FLORIDA
NOW, LISTEN - THIS IS MY BEST OFFER! I CAN'T PAY YOU - SO YOU TRANSFER WHAT YOU OWE TO THE UNITED STATES TO ME - TAKE IT OFF THE AMOUNT I OWE YOU - AND THEN I CAN OWE IT ALL TO THE UNITED STATES. IS IT NOT SIMPLE, YES?
GERMANY
THE ALLIES

THE LATEST GERMAN OFFER

From Clara Skillman, Columbus, Ohio

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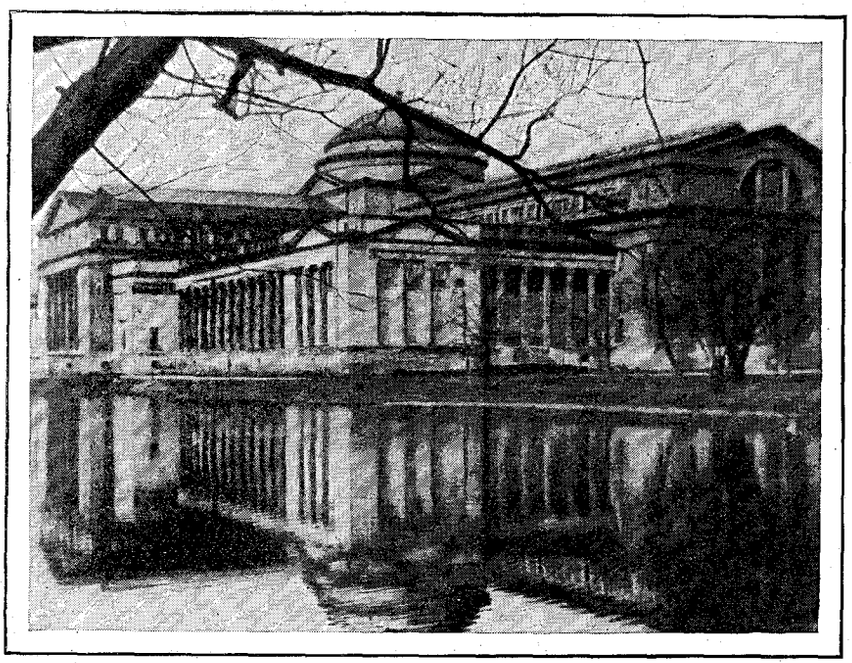

THE NEW FIELD MUSEUM, CHICAGO

ended, since the power to declare war implies the power to declare peace.

CAN THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS BE TAKEN OUT OF THE TREATY OF VERSAILLES?

THE passage of the Knox Resolution did not attract as much attention as did the suggestion during its debate, by Mr. Lodge, that a treaty with Germany was all the more necessary because the Treaty of Versailles could not be amended to meet American requirements, it being practically impossible to separate the League of Nations from the rest. Senator Lenroot, on the contrary, thought that the League could be eliminated without destroying the Treaty, and asked if the sections on reparations, boundaries, and the right of occupation would remain after the League was taken out. Mr. Lodge admitted that they would, but added that to eliminate the League from the Treaty would require no less than seventy-two amendments. This is not surprising. It would not, however, necessarily prevent the adoption of the policy laid down by the President in his address of April 12 to Congress:

> It would be idle to declare for separate treaties of peace with the Central Powers on the assumption that these alone would be adequate. . . . The wiser course would seem to be the acceptance of the confirmation of our rights and interests as already provided and to engage under the existing Treaty, assuming of course that this can be satisfactorily accomplished.

THE FIELD MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

ON May 3, 1921, the new Field Museum of Natural History, in Chicago, was opened to the public. It replaces the old Field Museum, at Jackson Park, once the Fine Arts Building of the World's Fair.

The collections for the World's Fair were so important that a permanent location was the result, made possible by Marshall Field's gift of a million dollars. Mr. Field died in 1906, leaving four million dollars for the erection of a permanent building and four millions for endowment.

The new Museum is, as the illustration indicates, a compact, massive, white marble structure. Its proportions make of it an artistic Ionic unit. It covers eleven acres.

The chief feature of the interior is the great nave, stretching backward from the main entrance and dividing the building from north to south. At right angles to the nave are the thirty exhibit halls on the two main floors. On the third floor the curators and assistants have their rooms. There are also a theater seating a thousand people, a lecture hall, and several small class-rooms. The library comprises over 70,000 volumes.

The exhibits represent an expenditure of more than a million dollars. Besides the departments of botany, zoölogy, geology, and anthropology, the Museum houses a public school extension exhibit. The finest exhibit of meteorites in the world is owned by the Field Museum. Also in this Museum was first established the method of mounting mammals instead of stuffing them. By this method a plaster cast is made of the animal in some natural position, and over this the skin is stretched. No bones are used, though hoofs and horns are retained. This method makes possible the perfect formation and natural position of the animal, impossible by the old method of stuffing.

The site of the new Museum is more practical than that of the old building. It is accessible to every shopper or clerk with only an hour to spare at lunch time.

At present there is not only not a tree but not even a blade of grass within a half-mile of the Museum. But every one who knows the people of Chicago will realize the wonderful possibilities always open to people of their enterprise

AN "UNDESIRABLE CITIZEN" DEPARTS

THERE were forty-six members of the Industrial Workers of the World who were sentenced to prison following conviction on charges of violating the Selective Service Law and the Espionage Act during the war. Among these men was "Big Bill" Haywood, formerly secretary of the I. W. W. and its ablest organizer for the cause of revolution.

On the eve of entering upon his sentence of twenty years in the Federal prison at Leavenworth, Haywood jumped his bail and departed, it is believed, for Russia, where, it is said by some, he is expected to play an important part in propaganda work for the Lenine Government. Statements to this effect, however, have had no authentic corroboration.

Haywood will be remembered not only for his work for the I. W. W., but also for the dramatic and bitter trial in 1907, at which he was charged, together with Moyer and Pettibone, with complicity in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho. The only direct evidence against Haywood offered at this trial was in the testimony of the self-confessed murderer Harry Orchard, and the jury released Haywood and his associates on the grounds that a reasonable doubt existed as to their guilt.

There can be no doubt, however, that Haywood and his fellow-defendants were guilty of enough to justify completely President Roosevelt's allusion to them

International

WILLIAM D. HAYWOOD

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as "undesirable citizens." It was this phrase (which promptly entered into our National political vocabulary) that called forth from the gentle-hearted Eugene Debs the charge that President Roosevelt had condemned workingmen as murderers because they were objectionable to the trusts that controlled his Administration. Mr. Debs manifested his customary restraint by saying of President Roosevelt that "he uttered a lie as black and damnable, a calumny as foul and atrocious, as ever issued from a human throat." In a later statement President Roosevelt put Haywood and Debs in the same class and said that they "stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair-dealing business men. They stand as the representatives of those men who by their public utterances and manifestoes, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinated to them habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If that does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens."

The subsequent history of both Haywood and Debs have quite vindicated this statement.

EMIL JANNINGS AS HENRY VIII IN "DECEPTION" AT THE RIVOLI THEATER, NEW YORK CITY (POSED AND DRESSED AFTER HOLBEIN'S PAINTING)

THE MOVIES: THREATENED COMPETITION AND CONTROL

Some leaders in the movie world are alarmed because of two threats to their industry—we refrain advisedly from using the word art. One is a threat of foreign competition, and the other a threat of domestic control.

The fear of foreign competition has arisen from the recent importation of several films which have the right to use that once potent slogan "Made in Germany." These films have been so successful that there is talk of a tariff measure to protect American producers. To any one who has seen such German films as "Passion," "Deception," or "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" the explanation of the perturbation of our producers is obvious. The German film companies, despite some obvious shortcomings, seem to be guilty of employing directors who have ideas in their heads, and these directors have mastered the art of telling their stories logically, directly, and forcibly. Their actors somehow seem able to depend on acting to convey the ideas which the director wishes to convey. The films, compared with most American productions, are virtually captionless.

In none of the three films mentioned was there a single close-up of a tear-stained heroine or of the villain's twitching fingers, nor was there a single example of that murderous assault upon the imagination entitled "the flashback." In "Deception," in particular, there were half a dozen occasions which an American director would have seized upon with avidity as excuses for "flashbacks" to make the obvious more obvious. We sighed with relief each time one of these danger-points was safely passed.

Photographically, the German camera work is not the equal of the American standard, but in the presentation of their themes the German directors are very much the superiors of our own. Let us, by all means, refrain from putting a tariff upon foreign movies. Better yet, perhaps the Germans might be permitted to pay part of their reparation money in films rather than marks!

The second threat to our American film producers is contained in the growing demand for the censorship of films, a demand which has been caused by the flood of cheap, tawdry, and degrading films which have been put forth. The more responsible film companies are attempting to combat this demand by a plea to permit the industry to have a chance to clean its own house, a plea which we may hope is based upon a genuine awakening to the real situation.

With a full appreciation of the provocation which has caused the demand for a censorship, it seems to us a demand which should not be granted. Every argument which can be made for a censorship of the movies is equally cogent in regard to every other form of public expression. Likewise every argument against censorship of speech and the press is equally valid against the censorship of the movies. If you censor movies, as some States are even now doing, you open the door to a general censorship which is contrary to every American tradition. If you do not censor the movies, the State still has the same opportunity for control which it has over the spoken and the written word.

The American and the British system is not to prescribe in advance what a man shall or shall not say. It is to permit him to say and write what he wishes and then to hold him responsible for the effect of his utterances. The American system is not to give to any authority the right to say in advance what may or may not be given the public. It is to throw our citizens upon their own responsibility and then to determine by due process in open court

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whether or not they have misused that responsibility.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

MIAMI UNIVERSITY has set an example well worth following. It has established a fellowship in creative art and has chosen as the first holder of this fellowship Mr. Percy MacKaye. Mr. MacKaye's only obligation is to devote himself to the work which pleases him best. He is not required to teach nor to take part in the details of University administration. He has been awarded the fellowship because Miami University believes that he has something definite to offer to American literature and that he ought to have a chance to do creative work free from financial worry. A similar scholarship has been given to Edgar Stillman Kelley, the composer, by The Western College. President Hughes, of Miami University, has said:

> I believe there are between fifty and a hundred colleges and universities in the country which could finance a fellowship of from $2,500 to $10,000 out of their own budgets for a year or two, and I am convinced that such a fellowship fortunately started could be supported from private sources. The development of art has always appealed to the wealthy, and an institution that can secure a distinguished creative artist on such a fellowship could, I believe, after demonstrating the worthwhileness of the enterprise, find those among her friends who would gladly maintain it.

The Miami plan deserves the compliment of imitation.

THE CHINESE FAMINE

WE have kept our readers informed from time to time about the progress in China of that most terrible and inexorable form which death takes—famine. As Mr. Malone, an American teacher in China, puts it in his Special Correspondence printed in this issue, it is not a question, Whom shall we save? but, Whom shall we let die? It seems to be difficult sometimes for Americans to appreciate that Chinese mothers and fathers love their children with the same kind of love which makes the American mother and father willing to sacrifice themselves for their children. It has always seemed to us when thinking of the so-called downtrodden races that the plea of Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" is one of the most pathetic and the most arresting passages of English literature: "Hath not the Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, arms, dimensions, sense, affections, passions? Fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is?" So we wonder, Hath not the Chinaman the same love for his child or for his mother that an American has? And what more terrible problem can be presented to a son and father who sees on the one side of him his child and on the other side of him his mother slowly dying of hunger? Which shall he save? That is the exact situation in some districts of northern China to-day.

Last January we published an article on the Chinese famine which quoted from the report on famine conditions by Mr. J. J. Underwood, of the Seattle "Times." This report, while unquestionably accurate in its general picture, was perhaps misleading in some details. Mr. Underwood said of the four provinces suffering from famine: "In all these provinces there is scarcely a girl from twelve to twenty years left. They have been sold into slavery and prostitution and deported." A trustworthy American correspondent in China takes exception to this statement. He says that, while there are too many cases in which the girl children are sold, it is unjust to say that all Chinese parents take this method of saving both themselves and their children from physical death. Mr. Underwood criticised the Chinese further by saying: "The rest of China, much of it blessed with abundant crops, sits placidly by superstitiously believing that the spirits intended the drought and famine as a means of regulating the overwhelming population of the land." Our correspondent in China says on this aspect of the question:

> I am willing to admit that most of what Mr. Underwood has to say on this subject is all too true; and I would be the last one to defend the Peking Government or most Chinese officials on this point. But there are noble exceptions. Some of these noble exceptions will undoubtedly read your editorial, and I should have to blush with shame the next time I see them did I let this statement from an American newspaper reporter pass unchallenged. Does Mr. Underwood not know that the International Committees in the large cities of China which are raising funds for famine relief are mostly, if not all, Chinese and foreign, and that large contributions have been given by the Chinese themselves?

Our correspondent relates individual cases of Chinese governors and county officials who are doing fine and efficient relief work, raising money, establishing gruel kitchens, purchasing grain in Manchuria and shipping it into the famine districts, and organizing the starving into self-supporting groups. He reports that Chinese university students are doing notable relief work.

> Two women students of Peking University are in Wangtu, where they are running a refuge for girls who had been sold or were in danger of being sold, but were rescued. I visited this refuge recently. Here are two Chinese girls running this refuge in a strange place, all by themselves, without any direct supervision. Surely China is making progress, especially the women of China.
>
> Of the scores of students of Peking University and Indemnity College who have volunteered for relief work I want to mention one in particular, Mr. C. F. Woon, who probably more than any other has inspired his fellow-students to volunteer for famine relief. He has been out in the famine region himself, writing up the conditions and making strong appeals to his wealthy relatives and friends. He stayed with me on his way into the famine country, leaving this place on a cold morning before daylight, when the temperature was below zero, riding on a load of clothing for the famine sufferers. Do you call this "sitting placidly by"?

It is clear from this testimony that the Chinese are endeavoring to help themselves as well as they can. They certainly deserve all the help that the sympathetic, charitable, and fortunate in other parts of the world can give them.

INEXORABLE FRANCE

WHEN Germany, about a week before the first of May, offered to pay the Allies two hundred billion gold marks, a great many Americans blamed France for saying no. At first Germany's offer sounded very reasonable. The Allies had demanded two hundred and twenty-six billions, and Germany had apparently replied with a round two hundred. Twenty-six billions of anything sounds like a good deal; but out of two hundred and twenty-six it is a rather small proportion—certainly of itself not worth a war. Why, it was asked, could not France waive her rights to this extent for the sake of a common peace? Many Americans found in France's refusal a confirmation of their suspicion that France was looking for something else besides reparation.

In part these Americans are right. Important as it is to France that Germany should pay as much as she can to repair the damage she wantonly and wickedly did in her effort to cripple her neighbor, it is still more important to France that Germany should be kept at a safe distance and be rendered incapable of aggression. But to suspect the French people as a whole, or the French Government, of attempting to dominate Europe because France does not acquiesce in the offers that Germany makes and because she wants some more tangible safeguards than paper promises is just what Germany wants our people to do and is what she will find our people will refuse to do when they know the facts.

In the first place, Germany's offer was not what it seemed to be. When ex-

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amined, it proved to be very far from even an approximation of the Allies' considerate demand.

In order to understand how far Germany's offer fell short from what she justly owes it may be well to refresh one's memory by a recapitulation of the facts which led up to it.

The Treaty of Versailles, signed by Germany and the Entente Allies, authorized the Reparation Commission to fix the amount of damages suffered by Germany's civilian victims. The Reparation Commission, after months of study, fixed the amount at a sum less than the claims of the victims. If paid to-day, the amount set by the Reparation Commission would be somewhat over $32,000,000,000.

Anticipating the decision of the Reparation Commission, the Supreme Council of the Allies scaled the expected sum down to a figure representing not what Germany should pay but what she could pay. So the Council presented to Germany a bill which, if paid at once, would amount to about $21,000,000,000, plus an export tax.

In March the Germans made a counter-proposal of only $7,500,000,000, plus the export tax.

Upon this totally inadequate offer being refused, Germany sought to involve the United States as a mediator and made an offer which, if paid to-day, would amount to about $12,000,000,000.

Thus the sums may be represented in billion dollars as follows:

Amount due	32
Bill presented	21
First German offer	7½
Second German offer	12

In the second place, the Allies offered Germany the privilege of paying reparation over a period of forty-two years with interest at 5 per cent. What Germany asked is that the period over which payment could be extended should be seventy-two years and the interest be at 4 per cent. So Germany's offer amounts to putting the payment off into a very far distant field with payment of interest at 4 per cent. And France has to pay 9 per cent in order to borrow!

In the third place, Germany demands that the so-called system of sanctions shall cease. This simply means that there shall be no occupation of her territory except, as the Germans hastily explained on hearing from the rest of the world, that she did not mean that the troops at the bridgeheads should be withdrawn. Of course what Germany demands in this case is that the Allies should virtually accept her word and not demand security. The cool presumption of this proviso is something which the ordinary business man who knows something about credit in business should be able to appreciate.

In the fourth place, there are other provisos in Germany's offer. Among them are that the present basis of production should not be decreased, which means, of course, that the whole of Upper Silesia should go to Germany, results of the plebiscite to the contrary notwithstanding; that the German trade be set free, which means that German coal deliveries under the Treaty stop; that Germany should be subject to an International commission of experts, which means that she should be free from the control of the Reparation Commission established by the Treaty; and that German property abroad should be returned to Germany. In all this Germany acts as if the Treaty were still in the making. If France were to consent to this, the only safeguard she has, the Treaty of Versailles, would be gone.

In the fifth place, under the Treaty of Versailles, which was signed nearly two years ago, Germany agreed to pay by this time, May, 1921, the equivalent of five billion dollars in gold, commodities, ships, securities, or otherwise. On this account Germany has paid some two billion dollars. There is a balance of three billion dollars still owing, which was due on the first of this month. This fact alone is enough not only to justify a refusal to make any more concessions but also justify proceedings to occupy German territory in order to collect the bill. No business man having experience with such a debtor as Germany has proved to be could be blamed under such circumstances for resorting to a collection agency.

If France is inexorable, there seems to be some reason in her favor. At present the Treaty of Versailles, so far as any reparation for damage done to France in the past or protection against damage to France in the future is concerned, looks battered. By this Treaty the Germans agreed to disarm, to deliver coal, to bring war criminals to trial, and to make reparations. The Germans have evaded every one of their agreements. So long as that evasion continues, the world will not have peace and the producers of the world will not receive their rewards for their effort. What Mr. Gregg says in his special correspondence in this issue France very well understands: "Every dollar Germany pays in increased wages to her workmen and to France and Belgium for her wanton destruction insures our workmen just so much more wages and work."

It would be better for the world if the wage-earners of England and America understood this as well as France does. But the Germans will not do this unless they are required to do so. Force is the only language they understand. The French, who have the habit of thinking clearly, consistently, and in terms of reality, propose that the Allied

Kirby in the New York World

WHETHER HE LIKES IT OR NOT

Europe sits on the doorstep of America. Her problems of reparation and reconstruction are our problems. Until they are solved, there will be no peace within our household

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troops shall occupy the entire Ruhr coal region. This region is the stronghold of German production. When France first stood at the Marne, she saved herself, but also, though our people did not understand it very clearly, she served the rest of the world. Again she is saving herself, but she is serving the rest of the world as well, as she stands at the borders of the Ruhr.

THE CONTEST LETTERS

WE have read many wise editorials upon the effect of the war upon morals and manners. There have not been wanting Jeremiahs who have seen as an effect of the war the total destruction of idealism, and there have been prophets of a more sanguine temperament who have proclaimed that the war has made for the spiritual regeneration of mankind.

We have read these opinions and pondered upon them, without any very great temptation to be pontifical upon the subject ourselves.

Within the last few weeks we have had a chance to study an extraordinary amount of first-hand evidence as to the effect of the war, for in The Outlook's War Prize Contest more than half a thousand readers have made The Outlook their confessor for the revelation of their intimate personal reactions to the great conflict. To judge by these letters, many of which we shall, in this and subsequent issues, share with our readers, it seems obvious that each man and woman took out of the war what he or she put into it. Those who gave themselves whole-heartedly, whether in Red Cross work at home or in bitter combat in France, received in return a broader understanding of human nature, a greater depth of character, and that strength to face danger and disaster which is much more than callousness or indifference.

ACCURACY

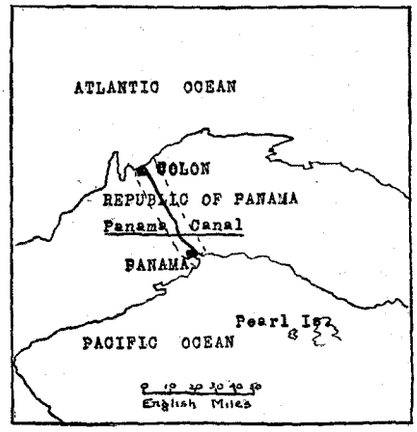
FEW greater compliments come to an editor's desk than those which call him to account for some inaccuracy. When an ecclesiastic makes a mistake, he can usually escape censure by pointing out that that mistake occurred in a field in which he is not regarded as infallible. When a physician makes a mistake, it is not counted seriously against him unless there can be traced to it consequences of physical pain or death. When a lawyer makes a mistake, it may even be accounted to him for righteousness on appeal, and, if not, it is forgotten provided he wins his case. But an editor is not let off so easily. He is expected to know everything, observe everything, foresee everything, in all fields of knowledge. And he not only must not make any mistakes himself but he must not allow anybody else whose writings he permits to appear in print to deviate from the straight line of perfect accuracy. The evidence of this accumulates from day to day in the letters which are laid upon the editorial desk.

We therefore say that letters of protest against inaccuracies are among the greatest compliments that an editor receives. They indicate the high standards to which he is held and they prove that readers expect of editors more than they expect of any other men.

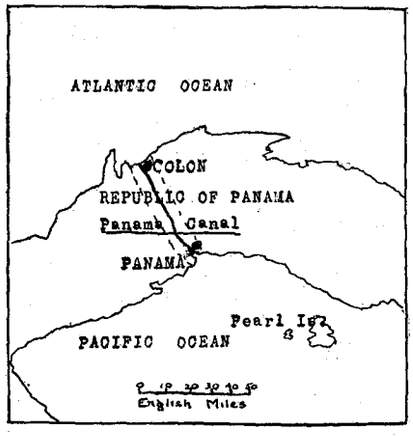
For example, we have received a letter from A. I. Loop, of North East, Pennsylvania:

> Referring to lower corner page 685: If this sketch is correct, Colon and Panama City have been moved across the Canal since 1915.

We refer to the sketch in question. It is as follows:



We acknowledge the inaccuracy. It ought to have been as follows:



It is evident that the author's typewriter when it made the periods which indicate the location of these two cities on his sketch map failed to skip a space.

We have also been called to account by Mr. Glen Buck, of Chicago. He notices with exasperation that Miss Edith Lacy, in her account of a visit to John Burroughs seven years ago, reported a late neighbor of his as calling Mr. Burroughs "Johnny;" said that she went across a swamp from stump to stump and from the last stump regarded the back of Woodchuck Lodge; and described the lodge as a low cabin of slender boles (though she did, we note, add "one could not say 'logs' to them"). Mr. Buck says that no one who ever knew "Oom John," particularly the people of Roxbury, could have called him "Johnny;" that, as Woodchuck Lodge stands against the side of the mountain facing the village, no one could approach it from the rear; and that, as Woodchuck Lodge is an old farmhouse substantially clapboarded, it is not built of logs or boles; and he says that these "glaring inaccuracies" are an indication of the "new slipshod tendency in magazine editing generally." We referred the matter to Miss Lacy herself. We hope we will not be accused of attempting to "pass the Buck;" because we think it only Miss Lacy's due. In reply we have received this very nice letter:

> Thank you for your letter of April 21. I have delayed answering in the hope of seeing a picture of Woodchuck Lodge, but so far have not been able to find one. My landlady in Roxbury spoke of and to John Burroughs as "Johnny"—quite naturally, I thought, since she told me they were school-fellows. As to the approach to Woodchuck Lodge, I but recorded the way I took to it—over a swamp and fields in the rear to the highroad. My impressions of Woodchuck Lodge are of a low, rough, cabin-like building, very rustic, and with slender boles in its makeup. But, as I only saw it once, nearly seven years ago, and for a few moments, and as my interest during that brief visit was centered, of course, on John Burroughs's personality, it may well be that surrounding details were not photographically impressed on my memory.
>
> The real regret is that the slight sketch, meant only to portray a delightful glimpse of John Burroughs, should so unhappily have stirred any of his friends to protest over a detail that, to them, would appear real carelessness. That I would not knowingly have done.

To Mr. Loop and to Mr. Buck we wish to extend our acknowledgment and thanks. We have not only derived profit from the corrections, but a sense of gratification that we were supposed to know so much and observe so meticulously.

THE PROFESSION OF HOME-BUILDING

FIVE years ago, in a visit to Worcester, Massachusetts, I learned that in the Girls' Trade School of that city a new department had been opened in which girls were to be taught the

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Trade of Home-making. Something similar, established before this or since, exists in the States of Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Indiana, and Wisconsin, and State-aided vocational schools or classes for girls now exist in nearly every State in the Union, giving instruction in subjects relating to the care of the home. The National Society for Vocational Education has done much to promote this movement. To that Society, and especially to a memorandum sent to me at my request by Mrs. W. A. O'Leary, of the Department of Public Instruction at Trenton, New Jersey, my readers are indebted for the information in this article.

The movement for this development of training for the profession of home-making is still in its infancy; but the infant, though small, is healthy and is increasing in strength and in public favor. Interest among educational leaders is becoming an enthusiasm. Money is provided by both State and Federal Governments, in sums that are as yet pitifully inadequate, but serve as a basis for beginning and an inspiration to hope.

But it is always difficult to break into an established routine, and our public school work is naturally, perhaps necessarily, an established routine. It is always difficult to create an interest in a new phase of human development, and home-building is a radically new development in education. Where there's a will, there's a way; but to create a will where no will exists is always difficult. Educational reformers find it easier to get the money, the enactment of necessary legislation, and the support of the people collectively than it is to get the girls. The obstacles Mrs. O'Leary thus admirably summarizes:

The Teacher. The regular grade teacher does not, as a rule, attempt to guide her girls to home economics classes. The measure of her success as a teacher is commonly evaluated by the number of pupils she heads toward college by way of preparatory courses in the high school. Too often she regards this as a girl's intellectual salvation; anything less is a fall from grace and not to be countenanced.

The Girl's Mother. However much the girl's mother may have been handicapped by ignorance of household matters, she gives only passive support to any plan which provides this training for her daughter. Present the subject of home economics instruction to a women's club and you will get an enthusiastic response, but press the matter individually to the same women and you will find that each one believes it is highly desirable for *some one else's daughter.* She has very fluent reasons why her own cannot take this instruction.

The Girl's Attitude. Household work of all kinds appeals to the average girl as drudgery of the crudest and most unattractive sort. She wants no part in it. Again, she knows that skill in domestic pursuits is absolutely no asset in securing the masculine attention which she craves. As proof of this lack of interest on the part of the average man it may be stated that it is difficult to find any number of husbands who made a definite inquiry as to their fiancées' ability to cook or who even suggested that marriage be postponed while their prospective housekeepers secured some training for their job.

The Public. In addition to the lack of interest on the part of these three parties there is no well-defined public sentiment requiring that a girl be trained for her share in the domestic partnership. While a man who is not trained to support his household is looked at askance, the girl hopes to "hire some one to do her work." This lack of definite demand for instruction on the part of those most concerned is the chief obstacle in the way of home economics instruction.

Housekeeping may be regarded as a trade for which pupils can be prepared by vocational training. But home-making is more than housekeeping. The school can give courses in household arts, home economics, domestic science—that is, in the scientific knowledge of materials and their wise use in providing the physical basis of life. They can do something in child psychology and in sociology to equip for the care of children and servants. But these are not enough to make a home. Can the school give love for husband, children, home, without which the home-maker is poorly equipped for her profession? To do this without the co-operation of the homes from which the pupils come is difficult; to do this despite the passive resistance of the homes is almost impossible. In the vocational school the girls may receive training, but it is in the present homes that the builders of our future homes must receive their inspiration. A fundamental change in the popular conception of home-making as a profession is essential, and this demands the co-operation of the school and the home and aid from the pulpit and the press.

For women have lacked respect for their job. Regarding household work of all kinds as of the crudest and most unattractive sort is not confined to schoolgirls. This distaste, perhaps contempt, for household industry they learn from their mothers. They do not know—how should they?—that all professions involve drudgery; the artisan drudges at his bench, the lawyer in his office, the author at his desk, the minister in his pastorate. The joy of work is in the achievement, not in the achieving; whatever joy there is in the achieving is chiefly in anticipating the achievement. From the groom who spends half an hour in rubbing down his horse and delights in the sleek coat when the job is done, or the gardener who while he is putting the apparently lifeless seed into the brown earth foresees the future flower, to the surgeon who calls his operation a "beautiful operation" because it has accomplished his purpose, and to the minister who harasses his brain in the endeavor to so shape his sermon that he shall "get across" to his congregation, the joy of work is in the anticipated accomplishment, and success always comes at the end as a rest, if not as a relief.

And what achievement is comparable with that of the successful home-builder? For she is a builder of men. Surely it is a greater achievement to make a man than to make a statue of a man; to make a Phillips Brooks than to make the sermon which Phillips Brooks preaches. A country is not rich because it has coal and iron mines and fertile prairies. Honest, industrious, unselfish men make it rich. And to make these men is a more difficult task than to make the tools they use or the laws they enact. A country of many happy homes is a far better country than one of many hovels and a few palaces; a country of many loving and devout homes is better than one of a few great cathedrals.

Are not boys also to be trained to be home-builders? Are they not to share in the responsibilities of the profession and in its great rewards? Surely. From the notion current in Jane Austen's time that home-making was the only profession open to girls we have reacted to the folly that it is no profession at all, and we imagine that by living in hotels and boarding-houses and hiring some one else to do our work for us we can be rid of the cares of housekeeping and retain the joys of home-building.

Home-building is impossible without a partnership; and the partnership is impossible without sharing in the responsibilities and cares as well as in the joys of the home. Boys and girls should be taught by their fathers and mothers concerning the mysteries of birth and life and death and prepared by example, as well as by teaching, to do their share in the greatest work God has given men to do. Marriage should be something more than a ceremonial entrance into a long honeymoon of mutual pleasure. It should be a partnership of love for love's creative work. And love, which does not inspire to service, which shuns self-sacrifice, and finds no reward in the welfare and happiness of others is not love but selfishness, and too often only sensual self-indulgence.

The home is the foundation of all social order, the brooding-place for industry, patriotism, and religion; and the school, the church, and the home should unite in inspiring our boys and girls to see in the profession of home-building its God-given glory.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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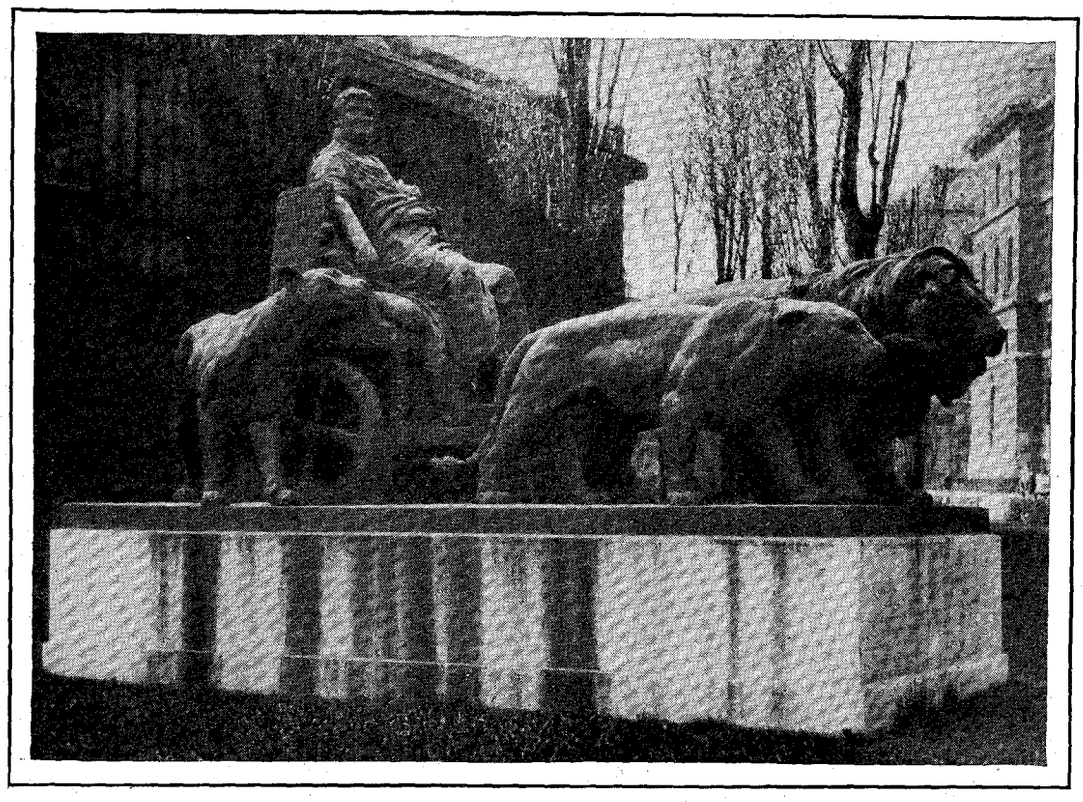
WHILE GERMANY EVADES

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE



A STATUE IN VIENNA, WHERE THE WORLD WAR WAS HATCHED

The lion nations of the world were to be hitched to the chariots of the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgers

Photograph by W. C. Gregg

THE Central Powers nearly won the War by war preparation and low cost of war prosecution.

They are still holding that great weapon—low cost of production.

Cheap labor, good factories, and good transportation are found in Germany and Austria to-day, backed by much of their old sales organizations.

CAN AMERICA CONTINUE TO EXPORT MANUFACTURED GOODS?

If Germany can maintain her present labor advantage, it will be hard to prevent her from climbing again into commercial pre-eminence and military power. She pays her machinists about 14 cents an hour. Can England compete paying 45 cents or America 60 cents?

German taxes and charges on business are less than in America and England. I will agree that more taxes are assessed there, but, as one man there said, "Not one German is paying the full tax."

England and the United States were stupid in 1914. They could not see the real Germany. The United States obstinately refused to see until 1917. Are these two countries to be equally stupid in 1921?

Will our wages to machinists come down to German prices, or will German prices come up to ours? On the answer depends the future of our manufacturing trade in South America.

We have sometimes been afraid of China. Are we overlooking Germany, the *Chinaman* of Europe, industrious, cunning, and trained to the minute?

The German has one great advantage over the Chinaman—he has *personality;* he is commercially plausible and diplomatically impressive, with a nation behind him united for trade aggression.

I consider the present political confusion in Germany only temporary and condoned or welcomed by the Germans themselves because it helps, like the cry of starving children, to create divisions among her enemies, her business rivals.

I am here considering the raising of German labor prices rather than the reduction of ours, which, no doubt, must also be accomplished. The cost of living in Germany and Austria is one-half the cost of living in the United States. The price of German labor is one-fourth, Austrian one-seventh of what we pay our workmen. Germany for several months has been underselling us in South America and elsewhere by forty per cent. No such cutthroat prices are necessary to get her fair share of trade. She has margin enough to pay higher wages and also export taxes to the Allies for reparations.

Every dollar Germany pays in increased wages to her workmen and to France and Belgium for her wanton destruction insures our workmen just so much more wages and work. There are too many smoking factory chimneys in Germany and too few in America.

Suppose we help to reverse this situation. Will any man in the United States object? If he does, just pull up his indignation by the roots and examine it. You will find a seed of selfishness or disloyalty at the bottom.

I see no objection to the Allies placing a fifteen per cent export tax on all German exports. I think it would be accepted by the world with a minimum of grumbling. I agree that the purchasers would pay this tax. And the Allies would get some indemnity. A fifteen per cent export tax would not kill German business. It would pay Germany's war obligations.

Germany will not pay one mark unless compelled to. The sooner she starts to paying, the sooner Europe will settle down. Some occupation and control will be necessary to accomplish these ends. General acceptance of this situation will speed the desired result.

Germany can be forced to pay her workmen more money by being compelled to retire and cancel part of her enormous issues of paper money. She is still increasing it by unnecessary governmental expenditures and failure to collect taxes. The deficit is made up by printing more paper marks. No wonder the purchasing power of the mark is small, and labor gets the worst of it.

The process must be reversed—government expenditures held down to income and some of this almost worthless paper money canceled. The mark will then go up and its power in the hands of the German workman to buy food will increase.

Somebody says, "That's all fine, but food will cost more too."

Not so much, because food is now much more on the gold basis than labor is in Germany.

"But," says another, "you can't do such things to a nation not at war."

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Not at war? Well, she is not at peace, that's certain!

If I have received any impression from my studies in seven countries in Europe, it is that the Great War is not over.

The present state is an armistice which the Central Powers are using for the purpose of *evasion*, causing the Allies to threaten *invasion*.

The interest of the United States in the outcome should be just as keen to-day as in 1917. There is absolutely no reason for us to shift our sympathy or criticise our old associates.

CENTRAL POWERS STILL UNITED

I found myself several times behind the lines of the Central Powers.

I noticed Turkish bootblacks in Vienna and asked why Austria allowed them to take that kind of work away from the Viennese. The answer was, "They are our allies, you know; they are welcome here." Again, when funeral services were recently held at Berlin over the remains of that Turkish butcher Talaat Pasha (who ordered the massacre of the Armenians, and was not able to escape a revenger's bullet, though he hid himself in the German capital) the German Foreign Office placed a wreath on his coffin with this touching tribute: "To a great statesman and a true friend."

A dozen times in Vienna I heard men say that their hope depended on Germany. Some wanted to see "Germany control Russia and again become the greatest power in Europe." Some said, "Germany is the backbone of Europe." I suggested that if they meant the central force for justice and order, I thought France, not Germany, filled the rôle.

THE WORLD DELIRIUM OF EXTRAVAGANCE

Extravagance is the heritage of the war—personal, corporate, municipal, and national.

People are eating more, drinking more, wearing better clothes, seeing more theaters, movies, and cabarets. In the tragic average many are poor who once were rich, but they too spend what they can lay their hands on.

Municipalities are borrowing to make up deficits. All nations spend more than their income. The difference is met by printing paper promises. Every nation is paying interest on its bonds, but also in paper. It is paper, paper, paper everywhere, smeared with a little ink. We laugh at the poor heathen who puts his confidence in a stone image. Should we have more respect for a paper image?

Neither treasuries nor banks can keep adequate metal reserves. International exchange indicates whether or not they are worth trying. There are over ninety billion paper Austrian crowns in existence. They have practically no metallic money behind them. Yet the wording of the promise, printed rather handsomely on each bill, is "One crown, payable on demand in *metal currency*."

Photograph by W.C. Gregg

FRANCE, BURDENED, PERPLEXED, AND WAR WORN, IS CARRYING ON
A French woman in the Argonne

I wish I could write cheerfully of Europe. I have spent nearly three months digging under the surface sixteen hours a day in England, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, Austria, and Hungary, uncovering the cost of living, wages, taxes, governmental expenditures, incomes, debts, and gold reserves; and I have noted the agricultural equipment and activity, the political sanity and otherwise, the honesty of peoples and their intelligence. And I am coming home to America with a heavy heart. I criticise every country in Europe, as I do my own beloved land. I excuse only France.

FRANCE BEARS THE BRUNT

From the first gun in 1914 to the present moment France has been the object of attack by the Central Powers. Anti-French intrigue is as active to-day as ever. Each move, each hope, of the Central Powers hangs on crippling France. France bears the brunt of guaranteeing European order, and is recompensed by a world of suspicion or hatred. She does not deserve criticism from her former associates; she does need their advice and their firm support in her plan to settle the war.

What would happen if France were to economize by disbanding the bulk of her army? Germany would change her tone immediately. Not one mark more would she pay and her own army would rapidly take form. In one year she would again be the principal military power of Europe, with greater resources than any two other nations. There would then be no doubt as to who won the war.

Small bills of a slightly larger size than the space here inclosed are circulating in Austria. They are ten-heller notes. It takes seven thousand of them to equal in value one American dollar.

"IT IS PAPER, PAPER, PAPER EVERYWHERE, SMEARED WITH A LITTLE INK"

A HORIZONTAL REDUCTION OF HATRED AND EXTRAVAGANCE

No one knows the absolute motive of Germany in trying so many Socialistic experiments and depreciating her currency while negotiating a war settlement, but her tax laws are enforced only in a half-hearted way. In addition to income taxes poorly collected she has a tax on capital beginning at 10 per cent on, say, $5,000 worth of property, 20 per cent on $15,000, 30 per cent on $30,000 and so on up to 60 per cent of the capital every German had in 1920. Any

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one can see that such a tax would have raised enough funds theoretically to pay off war indemnities at one stroke. But there has been no real effort to collect this tax, because there is no way known to political economy by which so large a proportion of property in land and buildings can be converted into cash.

The net results of all these experiments in Government Socialism is debt, depreciated currency, and harder living conditions for the very ones intended to be benefited. It is generally the way.

Europe needs a horizontal reduction of hatred. It will do little good, perhaps much harm, for one nation to do all the forgiving. A general reduction in extravagance and inflated currency is also imperative, and in the necessary reorganization labor must undergo a certain amount of equalization also. America and England must reduce or their competitors increase wages. Some of both is the best for all concerned.

American labor has long been the most prosperous in the world. If the tendency in America to condone leniency toward Germany in the show-down settlement results in closing our shops and destroying America's foreign trade, we can well fear for the sanity hereabouts.

WILLIAM C. GREGG.

WHOM SHALL WE HELP—THE WEAK OR THE STURDY?

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM CHINA

A COLD north wind is blowing little whirls of dust across the sandy plain as we pass through the double gate in the east wall of Tanghsien. A stronger gust than usual whips the sand into our faces. It stings and reminds us of the unusual dryness of the soil even for the dry season. A mirage a mile or two away between two groves mocks us with the appearance of a lake reflecting on its smooth surface the trees and shrubs. We might easily be deceived if we did not realize that this is a common phenomenon on these flat plains of Chihli Province, where the bright sunshine warms the surface of the soil in spite of the cold north winds.

We pass two or three dust-colored villages which look from a distance like a series of mud walls and gates amid the trees. They have already been visited by our investigators. We come at last to the Fang Village. The cloth peddler, who says he knows the place well, directs us to the home of the head man. Before we have gone very far a boy offers to lead us and we are followed by an excited crowd of men and children who have already guessed what we have come for. Only yesterday they came to the famine relief headquarters in the city to remind us that we had missed their humble village, and that they had received nothing from us in the first distribution. We told them that we could not give out anything, not even a ticket, until we had investigated, but that we would come to their honorable village as soon as possible. It was in fulfillment of this promise that we were coming to-day, although we still do not know when we shall receive any more grain for distribution from the Peking Committee. After meeting the head man and being invited to come into his house and sit down, we request that the crowd be kept outside, as we wish to talk over some business with him privately. We knew that in the presence of the crowd he would find it inadvisable to distinguish the very poorest from the next poorest, and we can help only the neediest.

"How many 'family doors' are there in your honorable village?" is our first question. It is the family, not the individual, which is counted in China.

"Let me think a thought," he answers. "About one hundred and ten or twelve."

"Are any of them poor?"

"Oh, *all* are poor. We had no harvest at all. Early in the summer the grasshoppers came and ate our winter wheat before it was ripe. As we were driving a swarm of them off in one direction other swarms came from the other direction. It was no use. Grasshoppers attacked some of our later crops too, and in addition there was no rain. In spite of all our prayers to the Dragon King, the Old Man of the Sky sent down no rain. So we are all poor, very poor indeed."

"Yes," we answer, "but so are they in all the other villages in this *hsien* [county] and in several provinces, and we cannot help all. Please choose out of your village the twenty or thirty of the very poorest, that we may go and see them. If they are really in the very poorest class as compared with other villages we can help them, perhaps, when more grain comes to us."

We write down the names which he gives us, noting the number of "mouths" in each family. They do not "count noses," but "mouths," in China. The list grows to thirty, forty, fifty, yet the head man insists that they are all the very poorest, who really have not enough to eat. Only our strict insistence that we have enough for only the very poorest prevails upon him to revise the list by omitting all who have over five *mu* of land (one *mu* equals one-sixth acre). This is on the assumption that a person who had more land may have had some grain left over from previous prosperous years, or he may have had something to sell, or at least he might borrow a little money by a mortgage on his land wherewith to buy food even at famine prices.

When we have pressed the list to its smallest possible limits by striking off all the names about which there seems to be a moment's uncertainty in the head man's decision, we ask to be taken to see the homes that are named on the list.

The first home which we see seems fairly well off. In the big iron kettle which sits over the fire there are signs that the family had a little millet for breakfast. Cabbage in one of the bowls on a side-table tells us that this family is not of the poorest. Several deep crocks stand at one side of the room, which we find empty except one on the bottom row, which is half full of millet, and in the adjoining storeroom is a pile of seven or eight cabbages. A few handfuls of white flour show that they had something better at the Chinese New Year holidays. My companion calls out that he has found a donkey in one of the outbuildings. Evidently a family which can keep a donkey is not starving, and we scratch the name from our list without bothering to search the cupboards further.

The next house is closed and locked. We are informed by the crowd that follows us that the occupant has moved away, gone up beyond the Great Wall to find food. Scratch him off. We cannot give to one who is not here to receive it, though he may be back to-morrow or next week and ask us to reconsider, when he have not time. Occasionally they lift the door of the house off its hinges, lock and all, insisting that the family have just gone out to the hills for the day to find grass to burn and will be back at night. The warm stove proves that they have not been gone long, and the absolute emptiness of the cupboards, jars, granaries, and cooking utensils persuades us that this family needs help, and needs it soon. And that is one feature of the homes that grows on one—the large empty willow grain baskets, the great quantities of empty jars which speak of plenty and abundance in normal years but which ring with deathly hollowness to the stroke of our stick.

Yet after all our investigation we realize that four-fifths of the names on the list are genuine cases of honest poverty. They have not enough to keep them alive till the wheat harvest. They are eating now the immature millet grains with the rusks on them or the millet bran of years before. In many houses the jars are half full of leaves put down in water—elm, willow, and even thistle leaves. Elm bark is ground to a powder

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and mixed with the millet bran. This may fill the stomach, but it cannot sustain life as a regular diet for four months yet. Any one who views the inside of these homes can see for himself that without help the people will starve before wheat harvest, and the only reason more of them have not starved already is that the Government and some benevolent societies in China gave out some grain, money, and clothing just before the Chinese New Year, which came this year on February 8.

It does not seem at all probable that either in China itself or in foreign countries enough money will be contributed to save all. The question, a very real practical question, that confronts the investigator who gives out the precious grain tickets is, Which shall he save? Shall it be the poorest of the poor who would make a precarious living even in normal years, the landless laborer who has sold his house over his head with the stipulation that he and his family may live in it till spring? Shall we save the widower who has pulled down two-thirds of his house to sell the timber and is trying to keep a fire and find food enough for his two babies who live in the remaining end? Shall we give a ticket to the weak, old, white-haired beggar woman who lives alone in the little single room of the village shrine? Or shall we save it for the sturdy middle-aged farmer who after he has been helped over this hard winter may be able to support his family and in a reasonable amount of comfort, and whose labor is needed to produce next year's crops?

For the good of the country it is necessary to keep alive the strongest. Yet we cannot deny food to the aged or clothing to the shivering babes. There is not enough for all. Whom shall we let die?

CARROLL B. MALONE.
Tsing Wha College, Peking.

FARM LABOR AND THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE

AS chairman of the Labor Committee for the lower house of the Wisconsin Legislature, I have had to wrestle with the farm labor problem for many weeks. There is a political group in the Legislature which marches under he Farmer-Labor banner. The leaders of this group are firm in the belief that the farmer and organized labor can get together, and between them solve the labor situation of the commonwealth.

Now let us see how this political alliance works out in practice. The labor groups vote solidly and persistently for all of the legislation demanded by the farmers, and many of the farmers vote for the bills fostered by organized labor. But always there are a few farmers who cannot swallow the eight-hour day, with the result that one member of our Committee put it this way:

"Labor will not get one comma changed in the labor laws of Wisconsin."

Farmers are opposing the eight-hour day because they themselves are unable to keep to an eight-hour schedule. Farm work is seasonal, and crops have to be harvested while the getting is good, regardless of hours. Even admitting that labor were plentiful enough so that farmers could operate two shifts of help, and that every farmer could house and feed a double quota of hired men, he has no guaranty that he could get one cent more for his crops. Under the present organization of society, the farmer is compelled to accept what he is offered for his crops, and, while it may be possible to anticipate that the spread of the co-operative marketing movement will improve this situation, the sad fact remains that for the present, and for a long time to come, the farmer is up against it.

Labor leaders in the industrial centers have shown a surprising inability to see the farmers' side of the question. They look upon the hired man in the light of a peasant, a man who has no future, who leaves all hope behind when he engages in farm labor. These same labor leaders also forget that the average farmer is an employer as well as a worker, that he suffers much and not always patiently from lazy, shiftless, and incompetent help. During those happy days of the war it was almost impossible to get help on the farm at all, and such men as could be had were independent and insolent to an extreme. The farmer cannot altogether be blamed for being a little independent himself, now that men are begging for work.

One of the main objections which the farmer has to the eight-hour day in industries, established by law, is that it will attract even more men from the farms, and make it harder to get men from the cities to go back to the farm. There is some ground for this contention of course, but the fact remains that even to-day, when thousands of men are idle in the cities and we are not on an eight-hour basis, farmers cannot get all the help they need. Men would rather remain in the cities without work, and starve, than to go to the farm, where the food and keep are pretty well, thank you.

I, for one, do not believe that labor conditions on the farm can be improved by keeping conditions in the city down. The best thing that the farmer can do is to help the man in the city get the best possible working conditions, and then to solve his own peculiar problem on the farm. This is subject to solution from a twofold angle.

First, the farm wife is beginning to rebel over the task of boarding and washing the hired man. She wants more conveniences in her own home and a little more privacy, so as to enjoy some of the blessings of family life, which many farmers deny themselves and their families. Because the good wife will have none of the hired man the farmer is compelled to build small tenant houses and hire married help. This helps to secure steady men, because the man who has a comfortable, even if small home, a garden, and wage enough to be able to save a little will be more content, and not so likely to roam from place to place.

Second, the war showed the farmer how completely he could depend upon machinery. Iron and steel must more and more replace human muscle, and gasoline and kerosene horse power. This utilization of machinery will mean one of two things: either larger farm units, so that machinery will be economical, or else small units which can be operated by the owner without any hired help at all. The large farms of course will need from one to many extra men.

I have been much interested in listening to the labor leaders in the committee rooms. They have just one cry: that the rich are preying upon the poor, and that the interests of the common people are constantly being betrayed. Even if we would grant, for the sake of argument, that one class of society has gained at the expense of another, we cannot get away from the fact that the man who is willing to work hard and who is thrifty in his habits and foresighted enough to study his business or trade at every opportunity will always get ahead.

It is well enough that we should warn captains of industry that labor must not be exploited, but we must also teach labor that it cannot eat its cake and have it too. If we give workers an eight-hour day, they must expect to give their best efforts to their employer for those eight hours, and not ask for eight hours' pay for six hours of work. Labor must also learn that after a certain reasonable sum is reached a proper standard of living is the spending of less than is earned. If society is organized so that the laboring man can expect an average wage of, say, six dollars for an eight-hour day, the laboring man should save at least one dollar of the six, so that when hard times do come he will not be caught adrift.

Every man who is able-bodied and willing to do an honest day's work, of as many hours as intelligent society deems best, should be paid a minimum wage which will give him most of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. But no member of society, except the physical or mental defectives or unfortunate, should expect anything from society which he has not conscientiously strived for.

W. A. FREEHOFF.
Assembly Chamber, Madison, Wisconsin.

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EAST AND WEST SHALL MEET

(C) Keystone

PRESIDENT HARDING RECEIVING MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL FARMERS' UNION AT THE WHITE HOUSE

Mr. A. C. Davis, Secretary of the National Farmers' Union, is addressing President Harding, urging reduction of the excessive freight rates on farm products. The Union is composed of members from thirty-six States, all of which were represented by delegates. Members of the House and Senate from these States are also included in the group. The conference was held on the south lawn of the White House

International

AN INFORMAL PHOTOGRAPH OF THE JAPANESE CABINET

Here we see, in an informal group, Premier Hara of Japan and members of his Cabinet. The photograph was made at the Premier's home in Tokyo during a reception to foreign newspaper *correspondents*. Left to right: The Minister of Finance, Mr. Takahashi; the Minister of Communications, Mr. Noda; Premier Hara; the Minister of Railways, Mr. Motoda; the Minister of Home Affairs, Mr. Tokunami; the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Count Uchida (seated); the Minister of the Navy, Baron Kato (in uniform); the Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Yamamoto; and the Minister of Education, Mr. Nakabashi

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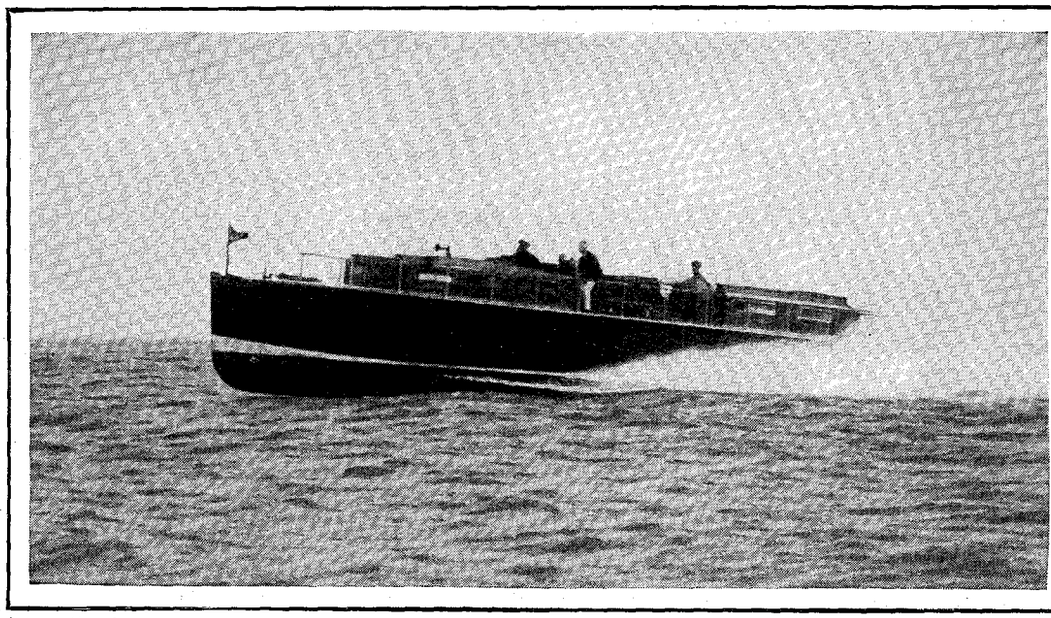
SURF CASTING AND MOTOR BOATING

Sport-Commercial Photographic Service

A SURF-CASTING TOURNAMENT

At this contest the longest cast of the day was 437 feet 7 inches. It was made by the angler at the left, Harold Lentz, the present champion. The skill manifested in such a contest as this is given practical application in fishing for sea bass along the Jersey beaches. Unless reel and line are handled expertly an amazing tangle or a loss of bait, hook and sinker inevitably results



International

A MOTOR BOAT THAT CRUISES AT EXPRESS-TRAIN SPEED

The fifty-foot cruiser Gar Jr. II won the cruiser championship at the recent regatta at Miami. After the races were over she started back for her home in Detroit via the Atlantic Ocean, the Hudson River, the Erie Canal, and the Great Lakes. She made the voyage from Miami to New York in 47 hours 23 minutes running time, 21 minutes faster than the elapsed time of the express train between these two points. The Gar Jr. II is equipped with two twelve-cylinder engines which develop a total of about 880 horse-power. Below decks she has all the comforts and conveniences required on a cruiser of her length. Automobilists who think that their gasoline bills are excessive are informed that this boat burns up one and one-half gallons of gasoline per mile. At top speed she can travel nearly forty-five miles an hour

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THE OUTLOOK'S SECOND PRIZE CONTEST

"WHAT THE WORLD WAR DID TO ME"

A HUMAN RECORD IN INTIMATE LETTERS OF THE SPIRITUAL UPHEAVAL AND SUBTLE REACTIONS RESULTING FROM THE GREATEST CONFLICT OF HISTORY

A PARADE of sober introspection marched to our doors in answer to our call for letters on the subject of "What the World War Did to Me." We asked our readers to tell us of the spiritual earthquakes that reverberated through them during the conflict, what scars the war inscribed upon their characters, what changes and subtle reactions it caused.

The first of our prize contests called for criticisms of The Outlook, and resulted in "amateurs' night" at the editorial council table. The present contest rapidly developed into a psychological clinic. It was an extraordinary experience meeting that sometimes resembled an old-fashioned mourners' bench. Superficial patter was notably absent. The serious note was powerfully sounded at times; we had urged the contestants to get down to realities, and they did—often with morbid exactness, and asked that their names be not divulged.

But gloom and cynicism did not predominate. Hundreds of letters were luminous with spiritual exaltation, and told in buoyant language of the depression and tension of the war.

A total of 544 contestants entered, against 401 who competed in the first contest. New York proved to be the most introspective State in the Union, entering 85 contestants. California was second, with 43; Massachusetts entered 37, Pennsylvania 35, Ohio 34, and Illinois 33. Forty-seven States and Canada were represented.

All kinds of people came to confession. One was a rear-admiral of the United States Navy; another was a justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas. There were bank presidents and manufacturers, army officers and service men, editors and laborers. College presidents, professors, students, and country school-teachers flocked to the contest. A portrait painter portrayed what the war had done to her; a Greenwich Village art student abandoned her easel for her writing-pad; one letter came from the Friars' Club in New York, and one from Zion City; fiction writers left off writing stories to write us facts. A linotype operator dashed off a contribution on the typesetting machine.

PRIZE CONTEST NUMBER TWO

What The World War Did To Me

YOU are a different man or woman from the one you were before August, 1914. The war caused deep and lasting changes in every human being during those four years. There was no escape, even though you never saw a marching column. For the best letter telling us what the World War did to you, we will award:

a first prize of Fifty Dollars
a second prize of Thirty Dollars
a third prize of Twenty Dollars

How did the war change you? How did it alter your character? What did it add—what did it take away? Are you better for the war or worse? What spiritual upheavals, what subtle reactions, have you experienced?

Search yourself for answers to these questions. Then write us a letter. In Contest Number One we asked you to write 500 words about The Outlook. Now write about yourself. Take 600 words to do it in—we are more interested in you than in ourselves. We don't like to impose a limit, but our restricted space demands it. By a 600-word limit we merely mean the space that 600 words of average length will occupy. By using shorter words you can get in more. But be genuine; get down to realities.

CONDITIONS OF CONTEST

1. Write your name (add a pen name, if you like, for publication) and address in the upper left-hand corner of your letter.
2. All letters must be typewritten on one side of the paper only.
3. Limit your letter to 600 words of average length.
4. Your letter, to be eligible, must reach us on or before March 31, 1921.
5. We reserve the right to purchase desirable letters not winning prizes, and to publish them in The Outlook.
6. Unavailable letters will not be returned.
7. The staff of The Outlook will be the judges of the contest.

Address all contest letters to

CONTEST EDITOR, THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
381 Fourth Avenue, New York

THE OFFER
Reproduced from The Outlook of March 2

TOO INTIMATE EVEN FOR PEN NAME

From New York's Tenderloin to remote prairie parsonages came these engrossing records of changes inflicted by the conflict. Metropolitan ministers and army chaplains wrote with candor that has never sounded from their pulpits. Physicians rolled their experiences into epistolary pills. A woman in Providence, Rhode Island, submitted a vigorous letter, and a few days later ordered it withdrawn from the contest and destroyed, since it was "too intimate an admission to appear even over a pseudonym."

Many thanked us for giving them an opportunity to write these letters; to express the inner turmoil helped them. Many put their emotions into original verse. Many, in their search for expression, quoted poets and others—nearly every one from Socrates to Irvin Cobb. They went to Browning, Burns, Wordsworth, Lamb, Cowper, Ruskin, and Kipling. They leaned upon Tolstoy, Mirabeau, Nietzsche, Goethe. The groping for adequate expression led to Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Abraham Lincoln, Lyman Abbott, Hermann Hagedorn and Sinclair Lewis. Barrie and Hunekker were invoked. Sir Oliver Lodge was cited. Statements by Woodrow Wilson and President Harding were marshaled.

If this contest has done nothing more it has sent hundreds back to the poets. Browning's "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world" was quoted often

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est, with Sherman's "War is hell" a persistent second.

BROMIDES VIE WITH REALITIES

Many of the letters were remarkable for their genuineness. But the platitudinarians had their day. Such phrases as "vaunted civilization," "saw red," "flower of our manhood," and "torch of liberty" often bobbed familiarly into view.

Some contestants, in their eagerness, forgot to write on the subject of the contest and submitted essays on Wilson's policies, discourses on the strategies of Foch, dissertations on political economy, theses on the Negro problem, and tabloid histories of civilization.

The religious note was sounded in the majority of the letters; a note of bitter cynicism crept into others. Some confessed that the war drove them into the ministry; others, that the war drove them out of it. Hardened newspaper reporters described their passionate love of country. "Disappointingly unchanged," writes one of the few who experienced no spiritual earthquakes; another "never even mailed a letter to France."

The war taught thrift, loyalty, patriotism, courage, thoughtfulness, and sympathy. It taught geography and love of books. It made "citizens of the world." One contestant was stricken with apoplexy; another's hair turned white; some were infected with tuberculosis. "It has made an American out of me," recurs repeatedly. Many learned for the first time in their lives to hate.

THE CHIEF PRIZE WINNER
MISS LEE RAMSDELL

"THE MIDNIGHT OF MY LIFE"

"I can no longer pray;" "For me the war will never be over;" "I am weary, unhappy, restless, and adrift;" "It robbed me of much of my capacity for sympathy, kindness, and love;" "I am more nervous and my appetite for tobacco, liquor, and the ladies has increased," are various statements of nervous depression. "This is the midnight of my life," says one whose business has gone to smash. "Things I once held dear are now pitifully cheap," expresses the disillusionment of one writer. "Would my patriotism induce me to buy another Liberty Bond? Never!" writes one who has lost his faith in his country. "The war pulled me up by the roots; my health is shattered; I am an irritable pessimist. There are no holy wars—no government has a right to draft a man to fight," states another.

CONFESSIONS FROM CLERGYMEN

Theologies were disrupted and rebuilt. A Presbyterian minister writes: "Men of knotted hearts are not attracted by easy things. Jesus has been thought of as 'dear' and 'precious' Jesus. And it has not appealed to men. Men did not follow a 'dear' Lincoln, a 'dear' Roosevelt, a 'dear' Foch, but men will follow a rugged, granite, and majestic Christ." "For the first time in my life I learned that the greatest test of character is what we do when we know we will not be found out," concludes another Presbyterian minister. Many told us with candor of their faith that divine intervention would keep their sons and husbands from falling in battle.

"It made me lose my interest in religion; the war stopped me from going to all places of amusement. When I see people dancing, I feel like rebuking them. . . . It seems as though all the feeling had been drained from everything else and had been embodied in me. I find I cannot get over the war. I am morbid, grief-stricken, inconsolable," confesses one.

An anonymous New Yorker who wrote his contest letter on Hotel Claridge stationery and claims to be the pastor of one of the largest metropolitan churches, confesses that the war destroyed his belief in God, his faith in Christ, in the Church, and in human nature, and bereft him of his belief in himself. "The war taught me to hate; it disjointed my theology," writes a Cleveland clergyman. "It furnished my heart with a proud sorrow," writes a Pennsylvania clergyman, whose son was killed in battle. "War, always futile, lacks purifying power and brings about no true progress," one contestant laments. "We have lost the tone of our women. Mothers throw their daughters at the heads of soldiers in an ecstasy of patriotism," complains an Atlanta woman.

One woman finds comfort in a knowledge that her brother, wounded in the war, is now at home nights instead of getting into entanglements. Another naïvely confesses that before the war she was afraid to go downstairs after the lights were out, but that now she goes all over in the dark and sometimes late at night she even goes "to the back porch to get something from the icebox."

REALISM OF THE TRENCHES

The reactions of men who were in the fighting are vividly portrayed. "Before the war," confides a Pennsylvanian, "the sight of blood made me shudder. . . . I became an aviator, and watched, tiger-like, all the movements of a group of Germans, fondled tenderly the bomb in my hands; my whole body trembled lest something untoward should turn up and spoil my kill."

"Had I not been afraid of the scorn of my brother officers and the scoffs of my men, I would have fled to the rear," confesses a Wisconsin officer, writing of a battle. "I see war as a horrible, grasping octopus with hundreds of poisonous, death-dealing tentacles that squeeze out the culture and refinement of a man," writes a veteran.

A regimental sergeant-major: "I considered myself hard-boiled and acted the part toward everybody, including my wife. I scoffed at religion as unworthy of a real man and a mark of the sissy and weakling." Before going over the top for the first time he tried to pray, but had even forgotten the Lord's Prayer.

"If I get out of this, I will never be unhappy again," reflected one of the contestants under shell fire in the Argonne

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Forest. To-day he is "not afraid of dead men any more and is not in the least afraid to die."

"I went into the army a conscientious objector, a radical, and a recluse. . . . I came out of it with the knowledge of men and the philosophy of beauty," says another.

"My moral fiber has been coarsened. The war has blunted my sensitiveness to human suffering. In 1914 I wept tears of distress over a rabbit which I had shot. I could go out now at the command of my Government in cold-blooded fashion and commit all the barbarisms of twentieth-century legalized murder," writes a Chicago man.

A Denver man entered the war, lost himself and God, and found manhood. "I played poker in the box car which carried me to the front and read the Testament in the hospital train which took me to the rear," he tells us.

"To disclose it all would take the genius and the understanding of a god. I learned to talk from the side of my mouth and drink and curse with the rest of our 'noble crusaders.' Authority infuriated me and the first suspicion of an order made me sullen and dangerous. . . . Each man in his crudeness and lewdness nauseated me," writes a service man.

REACTIONS OF STAY-AT-HOMES

"When our boy came back," complains a mother, "we could hardly recognize for our strong, impulsive, loving son whom we had loaned to Uncle Sam this irritable, restless, nervous man with defective hearing from shells exploding all about him, and limbs aching and twitching from strain and exposure, and with that inevitable companion of all returned oversea boys, the coffin-nail, between his teeth."

"In the army I found that hard drinkers and fast livers and profane-tongued men often proved to be the kindest-hearted, squarest friends one could ever have," one woman reports.

"'You lost an arm?' asked a woman of a soldier. 'No, I gave it,' he returned, proudly. If patriotism can breed such an answer from a man who has known the hell of blood and exploding shells, then war must have some soul-growing process," she concludes.

Numerous letters came from women whose husbands or sons were killed in battle. One wife lost her soldier-husband to a French girl; a poignant companion letter describes the tragedy of a soldier who returned home to find his wife devoted to another man and lost to him.

SOCIAL BARRIERS VANISH

Friendship thrived as the result of the war. A North Carolina woman became acquainted with every white person and nearly every colored one in her township. One left her snobbishness in the first hospital ward she entered. Judging from these letters, there are enormous quantities of snobbishness on America's side-tracks for which there is no further use. But exceptions are also noted. One says the war has ruined his respect for all foreigners in America and that he hates the term "melting-pot," while a Harvard Master of Arts admits that he can never be a good democrat again.

From British Columbia: "We are a small people living small lives in a far-off corner of the world. But for once we lived. We can never be quite so small again."

A Kansas woman was drawn into strenuous Red Cross work by a letter from a dying soldier urging her to carry on. An Illinois woman "learned to dictate pamphlets and speeches while six typewriters banged about me. I came out of the war knowing how to work, not only one day, but every day and all day and all night if necessary." A Texas woman found that "it is terribly important to our Nation what the average American woman thinks and feels." "The war has brought the rest of the world to us, has given us the world for our home, instead of 'Main Street,'" comes from North Dakota.

A Tacoma physician ably phrased the new sense of devotion to the home which the war deeply impressed upon many. "The pathos of distance, almost as if by death, made me know that nothing in life could take the place of home," he writes. "I learned that there are unimaginable treasures of kindness and goodness in men and women. . . . It revealed hidden traits of character in my wife as fine as those of the heroines of history."

The war drove in the lesson of thrift; one "learned to eat horse-meat with relish." A Massachusetts woman "patched impossible B. V. D.'s." "The war made us out-grandmother our grandmothers in point of thrift," claims one. A Rhode Island woman discovered that skill in cake-making counted for more than familiarity with the classics. "It taught the dignity of old clothes," recurs often. "The war doubled my income within the last twelvemonth and is going to double it again within the next few years," boasts a South Dakotan.

Many women were enriched spiritually by discovering something to do. One of them now runs "a restaurant for undernourished children and a club where sixty young aliens nightly meet men and women of broader opportunity. The war has shown me my work and trained me for it. Thousands have had the same experience," she declares.

An amazing record of changed lives is this pile of chronicles of the war. It is a startling panorama of what war does to the human spirit. It contains enough plots for a shelf of novels.

One remarkable thing about these 544 letters is the fact that they disclose that so many people are able to write with candor and vitality about themselves. They reveal, on the whole, a breaking away from traditions of thought and conduct, a new concern with realities, an escape from ruts, a more rugged sense of comradeship with one's fellows. These letters reveal a diminished respect for conventional institutions and heightened respect for men and women.

FIRST PRIZE

"DEATH BECAME A FRIEND"

BY LEE RAMSDELL

I WAS in France in 1917–19, first working with the French refugees, then in American hospitals. I went there a snob. I got over it. The uniform was the great leveler. For once we humans looked into each other's eyes, not at each other's rags or Rolls-Royces. It was a liberal education. The fineness that existed in rough, uneducated men, the guts that developed in pampered pets, was unbelievable. Now that it's over, shall we be able to keep on seeing the man instead of the manicure?

Life, trouble, even death, seem less momentous than they did. The only real calamity is not to meet life gallantly. I remember the troop trains of Americans hip-hurrahing past our hospital on their way to the front, and the ambulance trains slipping quietly back with them, very silent. A terrible Juggernaut had rolled over those eager boys; but had it crushed them? Not they! They climbed on top and made it carry them along! One man suffered agonies for months in the hope of saving a shattered leg. His cot backed against rough boards that smelled of Dakin Solution, and gas gangrene, and fog from the muddy fields outside. But when he talked his room became a drawing-room, with sunshine pouring in, and apple blossoms. And when, months later in Paris, I met him on crutches, the leg gone, he joked about it until he fairly persuaded us that he was glad to have the thing off. And I can still see a young French convalescent, his right sleeve empty to the shoulder, swinging past us down the Champs, so erect and debonair that I almost envied him that badge of honor. Of such metal were our armies.

And, lastly, I came to realize that death was not the end. Oh, yes, I learned it as a child; but when my father died I only knew that he was gone, blown out like a candle. Where? Who knew? No one. Death was a solitary, terrifying thing. But in France it became a friend. Poor tortured boys would feel a blessed surcease from pain and look up to find the Great Physician at their side, bringing merciful rest and the supreme healing. Death was a daily commonplace. Lads were here to-day and to-morrow gone, but their spirits were too young and alive and vivid to vanish with the body, even after we had seen the flag-draped coffins lowered into the ground at "Taps." They were so close and real that at times I felt that I had more friends in the unseen world than in this. It sounds silly, but it's true. . . . And so, when I came home and my own mother died I did not lose her, as I had my father. She sits in the sunny east window with her mending, or we stroll together in the garden and I cry: "Mother, see how lovely your roses are, but what ails those sweet peas? What would *you* do with them?" During her sickness her little

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world was bound by four walls, with perhaps a bit of blue sky or a bird song through the window, and the rest pain. But I was well and free to go where I pleased, to breathe the fresh air and see the moon rise, and speak with friends who came to inquire. I was in and out of her room all day, but often she did not know it. Now our positions are reversed. It is she who is well and free; who has found the ones she lost so many weary years ago, who sees beauties beyond my imagination. My life must seem as cramped and restless as her sick-room did to me. Yet she is in and out all the time—often when I don't know it, I dare say. She has never left me.

These are some of the things the war taught me, and the last is the greatest.

SECOND PRIZE

"MEMORIES OF THE FINEST COMRADESHIP"

BY JAMES V. HICKEY

CORPORAL, 23RD INFANTRY

We were sitting on the barracks' steps the other evening, some of us who had been overseas together, talking or in silence watching what was left of a Texas sunset. The talk had all been of the wars and rumors of war in Europe, recalcitrant Germany, and the possibility of trouble with Japan; all sacrifices had been in vain; the world was the same old world, and the men left in France had, at most, but furnished political issues through which pot-bellied politicians had once more got their feet in the trough; we are heroes no more, only Regulars.

But each in his heart knew that for him the war had not been in vain; that from it had come to him memories of the finest comradeship that ever the selfish earth has seen and the consciousness of duty done to the utmost. The war has given to America a new aristocracy; an aristocracy prouder of its possessions than is any aristocracy of birth or wealth, and its treasure is inalienable. Pre-war promises may never be fulfilled; bonuses may be voted down and the war become only a topic to bore those who battened on it; but our great reward shall be with us as long as we live and to our children's children long after we are gone: memories of the tenderness of great, strong comrades, and the almost intoxicating thought, "I have stood among men and faced hell let loose and did not flinch!"

THIRD PRIZE

"NO LONGER A NEW ENGLAND YANKEE"

BY "ALICE I. STEVENS"

Five questions such as you propound can hardly be answered in six hundred words; but to the third, "What did the war add [to you]—what did it take away?" the reply is clear in my mind. Perhaps from my statement of it the answers to the other four questions may be inferred.

What did the war give me? Why, friendliness. Like most of us, up to 1916 I lived in a small inclosure of family and family friends. There were others outside, I realized, whom it was pleasant to meet, but whom I seldom did meet, living busy and content inside my wall.

Then came the Red Cross saying, "The need in Europe is greater than your feeble imaginations can grasp. Work." I was not too busy to resist that call, nor were others in my town. We got together, and labored. From every class and clique we came, making friends according to our temperaments, not bound by our family inheritances. So the war gave me friendliness for my town, instead of for two or three streets in it. I can talk as an equal now to my fishman and laundress, because I nursed the wife of one through influenza and received countless favors from the other.

But learning to love my community was only the beginning. The war swept me to Europe, where I grew to love my country. When I came home, I was no longer a New England Yankee, but the new kind that reaches from coast to coast and embraces Irish, Italians, Jews—yes, even Germans of the brand that wore our uniform loyally. There is a new map of the United States in my heart now, which is dotted with the habitations of *my friends*. Brooklyn used to be merely a standby of the comic papers to me; to-day it is an absorbing spot of drama enacted by those I love. Sandcoulee looms larger than Butte or Denver whenever I write to the brave man who lives there. There are Meridian, York, Portland, St. Louis, Muscogee, and a score of other places where I go in and out in spirit, get discouraged, cheer up, marry, raise a family, break out with measles, recover—and all through the agencies of the men who taught me to be slow in judgment, open of mind, appreciative of good, and patient rather than condemning evil.

Nor was the gift of my town and my country all. The war gave me another home in France. Despite barriers of language, in spite of little opportunity, I learned enough of the French to admire them and desire their good will, and enough of France to think it the second most beautiful country in the world.

What, then, did the war take away? Easy optimism—I have to fight for the optimism I own now; and a clear perception of right and wrong, as there is no doubt that my standards are more confused than they used to be; then, willingness to efface myself for the comfort of others, for my temper is quicker than it once was; but, principally, my old conception of death as an evil thing. Those 36,000 graves at Romagne, the memory of the friend whom I laughed with in the morning and buried in the afternoon, these have made of death only an incident in an unending flow of life.

Yes, the war did change me; it did bring me spiritual upheavals and subtle reactions. But whether I am better for it or worse I could not possibly decide.

THIRD PRIZE

"THE GOLD-WREATHED CUPS"

BY KATHERINE CARR WILSON

This is my most lasting war experience.

There was a set of gold and white cups in the window of a fascinating shop on the Rue St. Honoré and the dark-eyed man in the doorway assured me that they were truly a "find"—Napoleon's own china; witness the gold wreaths and the "N." So I made an engagement with a friend who had been a collector in the days before the war. Saturday afternoon we would go and look at "my" cups. How I wanted them! I looked at my bank account, and I sat down to write to my husband for a little more money. I was still writing when out went the lights, I heard madame the proprietress's voice giving shrill orders to madame the *concierge*, and strange dull bangs began to be heard across the river. I opened my third-story window and looked out. Clear in the sky were the red and green signal lights of the avions, and strange white lights bloomed for a moment like flowers. "Come up here!" called the girl two floors above, and I groped my way back through my room and up the stairs. There were four other girls there, and we all hung crowded in the small window watching and listening to the dull roars. It was the first raid over Paris! It was a crazy thing for us to lean out of the window, and in later raids we knew better. Also perhaps in later raids we became more fearful; but this first night I think I can say that not one of us was frightened. One of the Y girls kept saying, "Oh, damn them!" I watched the lights go up and up and found myself thinking a sort of wordless prayer for the safety of our men.

And all of a sudden the white and gold cups flashed through my mind. Were they all smashed? And I didn't care.

Saturday afternoon A—— spoke of our engagement to look at the cups. "I don't want them," I said. He looked politely incredulous. But it was true. I had known since the night of the raid that I did not want any more *things*. I wanted the war to end and to give us back our homes in safety and happiness. It did not matter whether there were gold cups in all our drawing-rooms.

Well, a year or so later I came home happy and safe, but I still remembered the gold-wreathed cups, and it was with something of a shock that I saw my friends settling down to the old way of putting their "faith and hope" of happiness in the same old *things*. I don't mean that I don't want gowns and nice dressy things as much as any one; but when I want them even a great deal the gold cups are likely to flash through my mind—the symbol that taught me the small value of material things. Wouldn't we all be happier as a country if we would remember these hard lessons of the war?

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THE CABINET

BY WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD

ONE of the telling points used by the Republican Campaign Committee was that Wilson was an autocrat. He accepted no advice from the Senate, his Constitutional adviser, and surrounded himself with a Cabinet whose minds ran along with his—a polite way of saying that they were puppets to carry out his will; consequently, we had a one-man Government with Wilson the man.

In contradistinction to this, Senator Harding proclaimed that he had no intention of being the great "I AM." Louis's famous dictum, *"L'état, c'est moi,"* did not appeal to him. He did not set himself up as omniscient. He intended to take the Senate into his counsel and would invite its President to sit with the Cabinet. Furthermore, he would surround himself with the best minds of the country as members of his Cabinet. On this plea of destroying autocracy as exemplified by Wilson, the Republicans won an overwhelming victory last November. We are interested in knowing how these pre-election campaign promises are being carried out.

Of the three, two already have been fulfilled. Calvin Coolidge takes his place regularly at the Cabinet table, and President Harding is in almost daily conference with the members of the Senate, notably with Henry Cabot Lodge, Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. How about the third promise? Has President Harding surrounded himself with the "best minds in the country"? In order to answer this question correctly I have been making an exhaustive study of the Cabinet. Most of them I have known for many years, the only strange faces being those of the Secretaries of Agriculture and Labor. My opinion of these two men is based solely upon a study of their past careers and on a quickly formed judgment, such as could be made in an afternoon's interview. With this explanation of my sources of information, I will attempt to give an impartial judgment as to whether Harding has surrounded himself with the best minds of the country.

The answer depends entirely upon what he meant by best minds. If he meant that he would surround himself with men who had become internationally famous, men whose very names would inspire confidence in the people, then he has not kept this promise. There are only two men in the Cabinet to whom this would apply. Hughes and Hoover were internationally and favorably known. They were the only two whom grammar school children could immediately identify as National leaders.

Will Hays was known as a very shrewd but fair and able politician. Daugherty had become famous since the nomination as the man who had made Harding possible. Weeks had been a Senator, and had made a good record as such, but he was only one of some ninety-odd; he was further known as being prominently identified with the last Republican campaign. Fall was known as a Senator from a Southwestern State who devoted his entire time to the Mexican situation and who favored intervention by the United States. The rest of the Cabinet was practically unknown.

In the lobby of the Washington hotel where thousands of men interested in politics gather I questioned one hundred men concerning their opinion of the Cabinet. These men were far above the average in mentality. They were men of affairs. The result of my questionnaire throws an interesting side-light upon the question whether the new Cabinet officers are men who add strength to it by the very weight of their names. It follows:

	Knew of Him.	Capability. Fine.	Med.	Poor.	Was His Selection Wise? Yes.	No.	Not Decided.
Hughes	100	100	0	0	81	19	0
Mellon	20	18	2	0	18	30	52
Weeks	98	41	57	0	72	19	9
Denby	17	17	0	0	7	5	88
Fall	91	7	80	4	12	67	21
Davis	3	2	1	0	92	5	3
Wallace	7	7	0	0	100	0	0
Hays	100	100	0	0	68	32	0
Daugherty	100	40	51	9	42	51	7
Hoover	100	92	8	0	97	3	0

I wish to add some explanations of the opinions expressed that cannot be given in tabulated form:

Hughes—The nineteen men who did not think that his selection was wise thought so because they considered him too cold-blooded and aloof to make a good Secretary of State. Seven of them also thought that he was a corporation lawyer.

Mellon—The thirty unfavorable were so because they thought he was too closely allied with capital and might make the Treasury an appendage of Wall Street.

Weeks—His high popularity was because they thought that he, as a middleman, would by his tact keep the divergent wings of the Cabinet pulling together. The nineteen unfavorable were so because they thought it was a "lame duck" appointment, and it was not becoming for a President to use his appointive power to provide jobs for defeated members of Congress.

Denby—It was remarkable how few had ever heard of him. The seven who were favorable to his appointment were so because he had served time in the Navy as an enlisted man, and because it was a just reward for his patriotism. The five unfavorable, because they thought he had not had enough experience to handle such an important position. It may be remarked in his favor that the entire seventeen who knew of him were favorably impressed with his capabilities.

Fall—The objection voiced against him was on account of his activity in the Mexican situation.

Davis—Two things were notable about the opinions concerning his appointment: First, the few who knew about him at all prior to his selection, and, second, the remarkably large number who thought his selection was wise. The reasons for this favorable comment were that he represented labor, he holding a union card, and yet had not been so active in labor movements nor so radical that he would be unjust to capital.

Wallace—He was the only man with a perfect score regarding the wisdom of his selection, the reasons being that his appointment was devoid of politics, that he was a representative, typical farmer and farm editor; as a result of which he would make the Agricultural Department of value to the farmer, and not convert it into a political adjunct to the Republican party.

Hays—He had one hundred per cent on capability and more than two-thirds considered his appointment with favor. The consensus of opinion was that any one who was capable of managing a political campaign so successfully was a man of ability; furthermore, he was considered an honest politician; and, lastly, his ability, energy, and enthusiasm would enable him to make a wonderful success as Postmaster-General. The thirty-two who opposed his appointment did so because they feared he might convert the Postmaster-General's office into political headquarters.

Daugherty—The fifty-one who opposed him did so because they thought that his appointment was a reward for past service and not because of individual merit.

Hoover—The selection of Hoover was regarded with almost unanimous favor. The few who opposed him were partisan Republican politicians who believed that "to the victors belong the spoils," and who did not regard Hoover as one of them, but as a rank outsider who was appointed as a sop to public opinion.

It will be seen from the tabulated list that the men who have National

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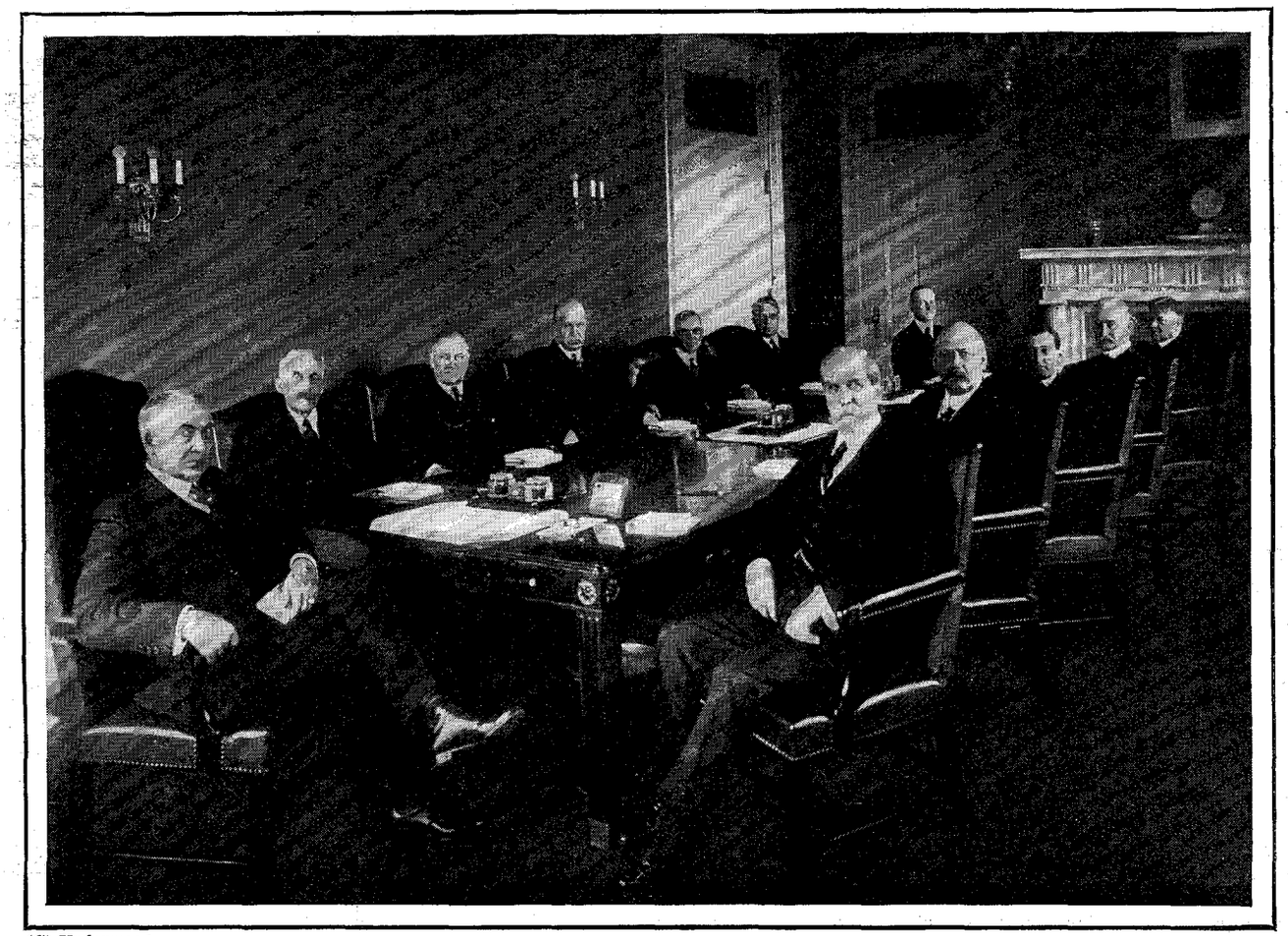

(C) Underwood

PRESIDENT HARDING AND HIS CABINET IN CONFERENCE

President Harding is seated at the head of the table. In the foreground, left to right are: Secretary of State Charles E. Hughes, Secretary of War John W. Weeks, Postmaster-General Will H. Hays, Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall, and Secretary of Commerce Herbert C. Hoover. In the background, left to right, are: Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, Attorney-General Harry M. Daugherty, Secretary of the Navy Edwin Denby, Secretary of Agriculture Henry C. Wallace, and Secretary of Labor James J. Davis. Vice-President Coolidge is shown seated at the foot of the table. It is the first time in the history of the country that a Vice-President has taken part in the conferences of the President's Cabinet

reputations are Hughes, Weeks, Fall, Hays, Daugherty, and Hoover. The men regarded as being rightly listed among "the best minds" are Hughes, Hays, and Hoover. They may be known as three "H's." Of the men of National reputation whose appointment the almost unanimous consensus of opinion deemed wise, the list drops to Hughes and Hoover. So much for the opinions of the people as to the wisdom of the President's choice of his Cabinet.

There are, however, other things to be considered in the selection of a Cabinet that will function properly besides the selection of men who are noted as Solomons or who have succeeded in becoming National figures. It may be possible that a man may be particularly adapted to fill successfully the particular Cabinet position for which he is selected without having attained the National reputation that would entitle him to be listed as one of the best minds in the country. Does a closer inspection of the new Cabinet reveal it in a favorable light? What are the real capabilities of its members? These are the questions that I have attempted to solve. Let us therefore study the makeup, characteristics, and past performances of its various members before we definitely decide as to their fitness for the places for which they have been selected.

Hughes is a university man, a lawyer who stood high at the bar, a successful investigator of the gas and insurance companies, a success as a Governor, and an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in which body his decisions were highly respected by the other members of this Court as well as by the leading legal minds of the country. He was a patriotic worker during the war, a man who worked for the cause regardless of political consideration, who expressed his views in support of the Administration regardless of the attitude of his party. He is a man of the highest integrity. Such is the man who is the premier of Harding's Cabinet.

Mellon is the head of large banking and financial interests in Pennsylvania which he succeeded in building up through his own individual efforts. His name is a power in the financial and business world. His personal success as a financier (he is supposedly the second richest man in the United States) would indicate that he has the ability to manage successfully, as head of the Treasury Department, the financial interests of the Government. Mr. Mellon is a man of fine mind. He has a dominating personality that ill brooks opposition. There is little doubt that Secretary Mellon will personally direct the affairs of the Treasury Department with very little interference from President Harding or other members of the Cabinet, or by the political bosses of the Republican party. Secretary Mellon will be a power in the Cabinet. His power will be used along conservative lines. His selection will give confidence to timid capital. This confidence should do much to strengthen the very shaky financial condition of the country to-day. Under him business will be fostered and not hampered by unjust attacks upon it; therefore his selection will be beneficial to the country.

Weeks came out of the Navy with only a clean pair of hands and a well-equipped brain to enter the battle of life, and he has succeeded in amassing a fortune. He also took an active interest in politics, with such success that he became a United States Senator from Massachusetts and Chairman of the Senate Committee of the Republican party, which would indicate that he had more than

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average intelligence. Mr. Weeks particularly fits into the Cabinet because of his agreeable disposition. He makes friends readily; he believes that molasses will catch more flies than vinegar; consequently he is on friendly terms with both wings of the Republican party. He will act as a great compromiser in the Cabinet, as the *in media res* between the highbrow statesmen as represented by Hughes and Hoover and the politicians as represented by Hays and Daugherty. He belongs partly to both wings, he is interested in constructive statesmanship, and is about as shrewd a politician as you will find in America. He will be the oil that greases the political Cabinet machine. Incidentally, this same suave, agreeable personality that he possesses will do much to bridge over the bickerings and cross-purposes that have existed in the War Department. He will work in perfect harmony with his Chief of Staff and with the heads of the various bureaus. Peace and co-operation will rule during his administration. While I do not regard him as a Lodge, Root, or Wilson, he will be a success as head of the War Department.

Denby is a Detroit automobile man, a second and smaller edition of Henry Ford, between wars. In war times he is a marine, having forsaken business to enlist as a private in the Marine Corps both during the Spanish-American and the late war. He is a cool-headed business man. His experience as an enlisted man has given him an opportunity to learn at first hand the wants and requirements of the Navy personnel. Mr. Denby is an alert, wide-awake, intelligent, and practical man. His knowledge and understanding of their wants should enable him to be just and fair to the men, and his common practical sense will secure the support of naval officers. I believe he has sufficient tact to get along well with bureau chiefs and not to antagonize the men of the quarter-deck. I am not sufficiently acquainted with his personality to determine his executive ability.

Fall went West as a young man and grew up with the country. He grew so rapidly that he was sent to the United States Senate many years ago. He has made a record in the Senate that is not pleasing to me because I do not approve of his policies; but he has been of sufficient caliber to be recognized as a leader of the party in Congress favorable to intervention in Mexico. The Senator has a forceful personality; is a very earnest man, fearless and aboveboard, who usually accomplishes whatever he attempts. He has the typical air of a Western politician, is a good orator, makes friends readily, and is above the average in intellectual force. As his position in the Cabinet is one that will have no connection with our foreign relations, I see no reason why he should not make a successful Cabinet officer.

Davis was born in Wales and began life as a workingman in the Pennsylvania steel mills, in which position he rose to be boss puddler. Through the votes of his fellow-workers, he was elected city clerk and county recorder of the mill town where he lived. Then he reorganized the Loyal Order of Moose with such success that it has made him independently wealthy and won him a large political following. This description of his early life is given to show the wisdom of his selection. First, he is of foreign birth, and consequently knows the trials and tribulations of the immigrant. One of the principal branches in his Department is the Immigration Bureau. Second, he will be arbiter in disputes between labor and capital. Mr. Davis is better equipped to deal fairly with this momentous question than most men. He is a labor-unionist, therefore he understands the attitude of the labor man, he knows his hardships and is prepared to do him equal justice. On the other hand, he has never been allied with the radical branch of unionism, and, having amassed a competency himself, is not apt to be prejudiced against capital. Therefore we have a man with sufficient intelligence to upbuild a fraternal organization and a natural tendency to deal fairly with both his fellow-unionists and his fellow-capitalists.

Wallace, with the exception of Hughes, is probably the wisest selection that the President has made. Mr. Wallace as Secretary of Agriculture should exactly fill the bill. He is a dirt farmer, having been raised on a farm by a stern, hard-working father who believed that his sons and daughters should do their share of work; consequently, Mr. Wallace was trained to do everything on a farm. He learned to plow and hoe and drive the harrow, while his sisters milked the cows and tended to the housework. Fortunately for the American people, his father also believed in intelligent farming; therefore he sent his sons to an agricultural college to be educated, where they learned the technical side of farm life. He so thoroughly mastered this that he was called to a professorship in his Alma Mater. His father, brother, and himself became so enthusiastic over the idea of teaching the farmers of his State how to make the most of their opportunities by farming correctly that they took over a little farm paper, which they edited and managed so successfully that it became one of the leading and certainly one of the most useful and dependable of farm journals. Mr. Wallace is no politician. He has never taken any interest in politics save to vote and to advise the farmers upon the best measures for their protection. Under Wallace's management, the sole object of the Agricultural Department will be to better the condition of the farmer. It will be but an enlargement of the work he has been doing as editor of his magazine.

Will Hays has been tremendously successful. With his vim, energy, and push he has succeeded in converting the Republican party from the minority into an overwhelming majority. I thoroughly agree with my one hundred advisers that Will Hays possesses great capability and force of character. The only drawback that can possibly be urged against him is that, being a politician, he will be more influenced by political expediency in the management of his office than he will by the country's welfare. In this he is misjudged. He will surprise the American people by the excellency of his work as Postmaster-General. In the first place, he recognizes what the people expect of him, and is determined to disappoint his critics. In order to accomplish this he is going about it in the right way. He has begun with the idea of co-operation in his Department. He has enlisted the sympathy and support of his employees, and this will mean a pulling together that will result in greatly increased efficiency. In the next place, Will Hays is the most enthusiastic man I have ever known, and he will succeed in imbuing his Department with this enthusiasm. He will inspire it with his wonderful energy and push. He will utilize his natural knack for organization, and I veritably believe that politics will cut very little figure in the Post Office. I personally know that he has offered one of the most responsible positions under him to a dyed-in-the-wool Democrat. The Department under his management will be conducted with great success.

Daugherty? The President has been much criticised for the selection of Daugherty, his campaign manager, as a member of his Cabinet. It is stated that he is not well versed in the law, but that he is a politician of the first water. I am no lawyer, and therefore not prepared to judge of the amount of legal lore in the astute head of the new Attorney-General. But I am not disposed to agree with the critics who predict that his administration will be a failure, because I believe that he is an able executive; he has plenty of good, hard common sense. He knows how to handle men and to get what he wants when he wants it. No man without these talents could have taken the forlorn hope of a country editor serving his first term in the United States Senate, whose name was not connected with a single great measure, and by his adroit and skillful management make him President of the United States. These qualities are more important in a Cabinet officer than to be technically perfect in the work of his Department. You do not put an admiral at the head of the Navy, nor make a general chief of the War Department. The technical knowledge, however valuable and necessary, can be furnished by experts and bureau heads, but the genius to command must be inherent in the chief. I believe that Daugherty has these qualities and will make good.

Hoover needs no defense to prove that he is eminently fitted for his position. His success as a mining engineer is an evidence of his genius. His management of the campaign to feed starving Europe proved his executive ability, and furthermore endeared him to the people of the world, making him an international figure. He will be a tower of strength to the Administration.

I have discussed all the Cabinet. I

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have found it composed of the following parts:

Two politicians selected because of their political power, and further because it is necessary to have some members of the Cabinet who are astute politicians. Any Administration that sets out with the determination to discard all politics is doomed to failure before it begins, because an Administration is only as strong as its hold upon the people. A democracy cannot be governed except by parties, and parties demand politicians to run them. Any failure of democracy is due to the failure of a sufficient number of responsible, upright men to take an interest in politics.

Two politico-statesmen (one-half of each). These are Weeks and Fall, who are to be the go-betweens in the Cabinet.

Two men of international reputations for probity, ability, and integrity. These are Hughes and Hoover; they will inspire confidence in the Administration, and are as hostages to the people that all is well with the body politic.

The other members of the Cabinet were selected for their peculiar fitness for the positions which they are called to occupy. They each seem eminently fitted for their work.

My judgment, therefore, is that the Cabinet will function well, that it contains all the necessary parts to make a homogeneous whole, that it is composed of men of more than average ability; that it is not a brilliant *ensemble* of the best minds in the country, but that it will make good on the job.

THE REASON FOR FREE BALLOONS

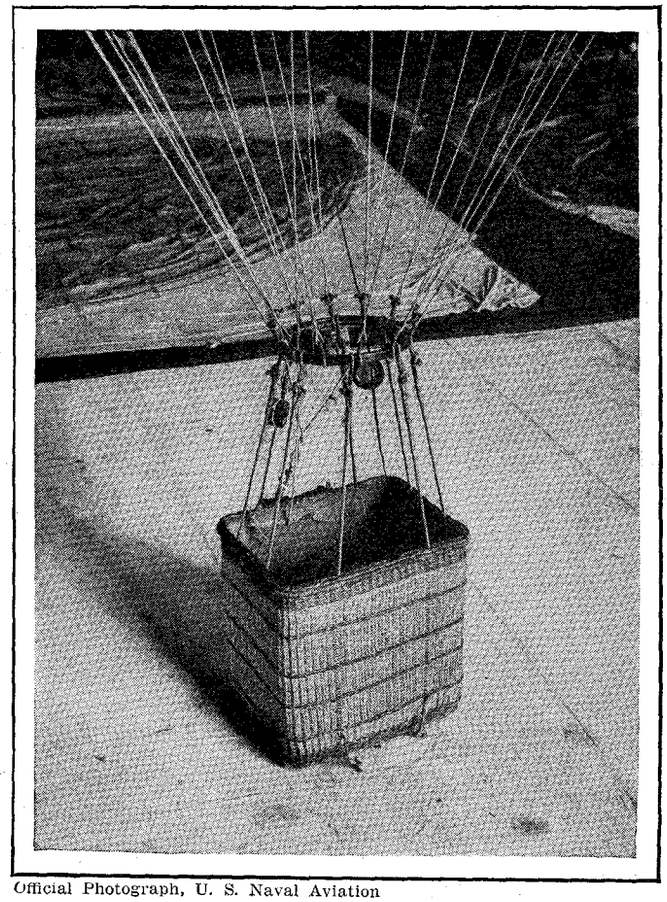
BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER K. C. McINTOSH (SC), U. S. N.

"'HEY, down below there! Where are we?'

"'Up in a balloon, you poor fool! Where did you think you were?'"

For nearly three years three or four times a week I have noticed free balloons leaving the balloon field as I started home at the close of office hours. Frequently two or three balloons take the air at once—altogether approximately one thousand free-balloon flights from one naval air station during the unfinished tour of duty of one officer. Of these thousand flights, one has apparently come to serious grief; and meanwhile during the year 1920 nearly two thousand people were killed by automobiles in the one State of Massachusetts.

Twice during the past few months the American public has had its attention spectacularly invited to the fact that naval aviators fly through the air in free balloons. Criticism was rife at the time of the world-famous flight into the Canada snows that men were allowed to take the air in such a crazy craft. Since the missing balloon from Pensacola went astray educated and highly intelligent laymen all over the country have been demanding to know why a free balloon is allowed in this day of dirigibles. The only two cases of naval free balloons of which they had information were two cases of disaster; in one they heard a story of freezing and starvation, in the other of the probable blotting out of five young men. It seemed wickedly useless—terrible carelessness on some one's part.



A TYPICAL FREE-BALLOON BASKET AS IT IS SUSPENDED FROM THE LOAD RING. IT IS IN THIS BASKET THAT THE AERONAUTS WHO PILOT THE BALLOON STAND

Official Photograph, U. S. Naval Aviation

The Navy is not callous, and the Navy's clannishness made us feel the disaster more keenly than it was felt by any one outside the service. Officers are brothers, even in their disagreements and dislikes; and officers are exceedingly attached to the men literally under their care and are solicitous for the welfare of those men. In the last analysis, an officer is judged by his brother officers by the condition and contentment of the men he leads. There is an unwritten law, as old as navies, that no true officer will subject his men to any danger, or even annoyance, which he is not ready to undergo himself, and *first*. We do not consider free-ballooning a particularly dangerous game—most of the time it is as humdrum as checkers—but, like all games, there is an element of danger; and if it were not necessary we would not practice it at all, officially. Military free-ballooning, if it were unnecessary, would be entirely confined to a few sporting enthusiasts training themselves at their own risk for the international races.

From a staid official text-book a single paragraph states the "why" of free-ballooning in terms that all may read:

"Once a dirigible is deprived of her power, she becomes subject to all the conditions regulating the flight of a spherical balloon. She is, however, more cumbersome and difficult to handle. In the event of an engine breakdown, therefore, all the *skill of the balloonist is brought into play*, and it is only by careful manipulation of the gas and ballast that a safe landing can be made."

Begin that paragraph with the phrase, "Once the cable of a kite-balloon is parted, . . ." and the paragraph itself remains true. Every dirigible that flies carries a mechanician to keep the engines running as well as a trained military observer. Every kite-balloon riding over an army's lines or towed by a naval ship lifts with it a man whose business is to keep his eyes glued to a pair of binoculars and to report what he sees into the telephone slung around his neck. But in both dirigible and kite the one indispensable member

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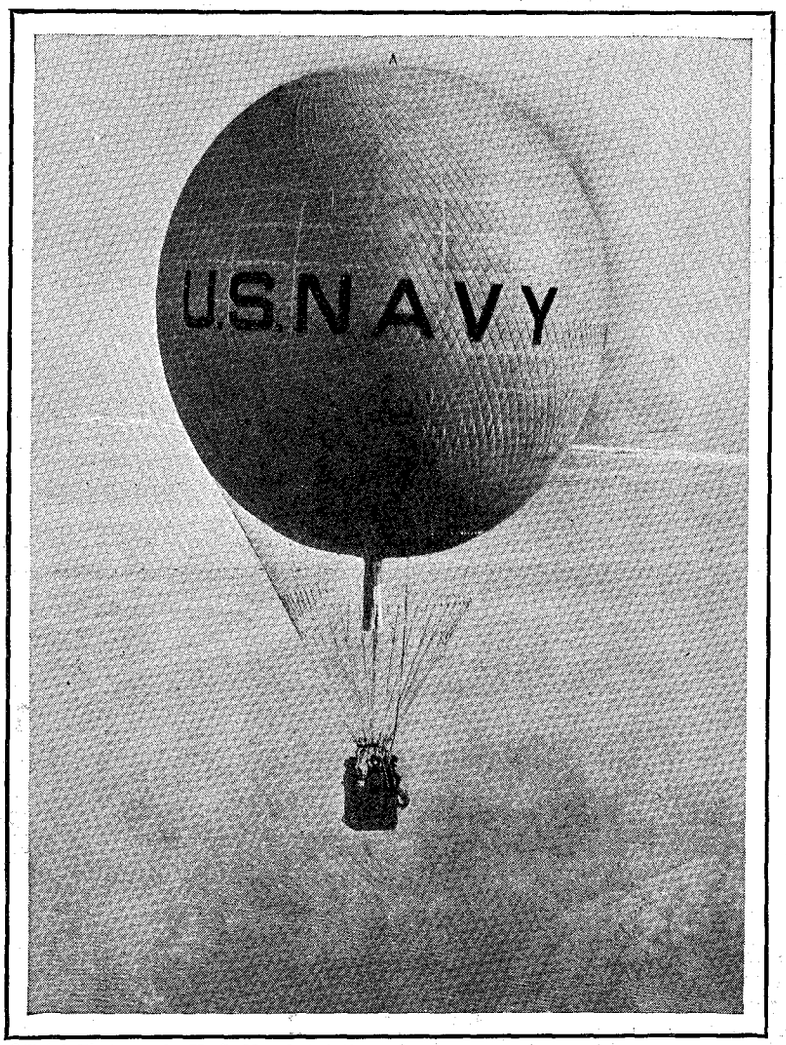

Official Photograph, U. S. Naval Aviation

HERE IS A CLOSE-UP VIEW OF A NAVY BALLOON AT THE PENSACOLA NAVAL AIR STATION. THERE ARE FIVE PASSENGERS IN THE BASKET, AND ABOVE THEIR HEADS WILL BE NOTED THE APPENDIX, WHICH IS OPEN AND IN PROPER POSITION TO FUNCTION

of the complement, the man in charge, is a skilled free-balloon pilot. Without him practically every trivial accident to power or gear would be fatal to the dirigible and all her passengers. We have imperative need of dirigibles and kite-balloons in the Navy. If men did not train themselves first in free balloons, none of them could fly either blimp or kite without hideous risk. The spherical, clumsy, county-fair type of free balloon is the safest and easiest craft in which to gain the necessary ballooning skill. That free-ballooning is comparatively a safer pursuit than driving a Ford or riding in a sky-scraper's elevator we are willing to maintain; but, safe or dangerous, it must be undertaken if we wish to have our dirigible pilots come home unscathed and our kite observers come back on board for dinner.

Navigation of a free balloon is not a matter of guesswork. A free-balloon pilot cannot say, "On the 15th of next month I am going to fly from Tallahassee to St. Louis," but he *can* study the weather map on the day he starts from Tallahassee and predict within a few miles where he will come down next morning. When the big silk bubbles flew from Birmingham last year, the Belgian who carried off the cup pored over the map just before climbing into his basket, and with a wave of his hand, called out: "Good-by! I am going to Maine!" His actual landing was near the eastern border of northern New York, and it was a forced landing. With dry weather, he would undoubtedly have had to use his "rip cord" to avoid landing in the sea off the Maine coast.

While every balloon nowadays carries instruments for recording altitude and speed and pressure within and without the envelope, a pilot must learn the "feel of the air," which tells him even before the most delicate instrument can record it that his balloon is rising or falling, is losing gas or taking air. In a dirigible, which is driven by power or a kite which is towed at a fixed altitude at the end of a cable, the changes in buoyancy of the machine produced by atmospheric changes are rarely noticeable, and if experienced for the first time after the breakdown of an engine would be baffling in the extreme. In the spherical motorless free balloon such changes in lift and stability are immediately apparent. A free balloon riding down the wind at low altitude will shoot upwards as she nears a steep hill, sagging down again after crossing its summit, tossed by the air current pouring over the crest more abruptly than a power-driven balloon would ever be. The slightest cloud passing over the face of the sun, the first gleam of sunshine in the early morning, a hint of rain in the air, or a slant of cold wind, every slight change in temperature up or down, immediately registers its effect on the free balloon's flight, which effect the pilot must understand and know how to counteract. Where the dirigible can plow her way through shifting air currents and control her height with her speed and rudders, the free balloon must learn how to outguess nature, how to control the elements themselves.

The theory of ballooning postulates that in order to be other than a toy of the wind the balloon must first contain more gas than is necessary to raise the pilot and his instruments and basket, and, second, enough sand or water ballast to counterbalance this superfluous "lift." The endurance of the balloon in the air is measured by these balanced excesses of lift and weight, by the amount of gas the pilot can afford to lose for the purpose of flying lower, and the amount of ballast he can throw over with a view to flying higher. As long as he has gas or sand to release he can continue his flight. When these have reached the safe minimum or when a landing becomes imperative for other reason, he comes down deliberately, ripping his envelope to allow all gas to escape and dumping his last ballast to make his fall safely gradual. On a still day, he can "valve" down without difficulty. In a high wind, he must choose his landing-place with care as he races past at lower and lower altitude, "ripping" and coming "down by the run" in a soft spot from a height as low as surrounding trees will permit. During his flight the sunshine expands his gas and so lightens it, increasing its lift and the balloon's height. A passing cloud will shrink the gas volume again, and lift has been lost in the amount of gas which expansion forced out, so the basket sags nearer to the tree-tops below. A rain-storm not only chills and shrinks the gas but increases the weight of the balloon, and ballast must go overboard to keep her up. When the sun breaks through the clouds, the drying envelope rapidly lightens and the gas rapidly expands and the balloon starts to soar. In short, the free-balloon pilot has a thousand pretty problems to solve in each flight, problems which he would never encounter in a dirigible *until his life depended on solving them correctly!*

Lifting gas naturally never falls, and to be deliberately released the top of the balloon must be opened. Expanding gas, however, would quickly reach a pressure where the silk cover would be torn open and the balloon fall from a considerable height if no immediate outlet were permitted. For that reason, a

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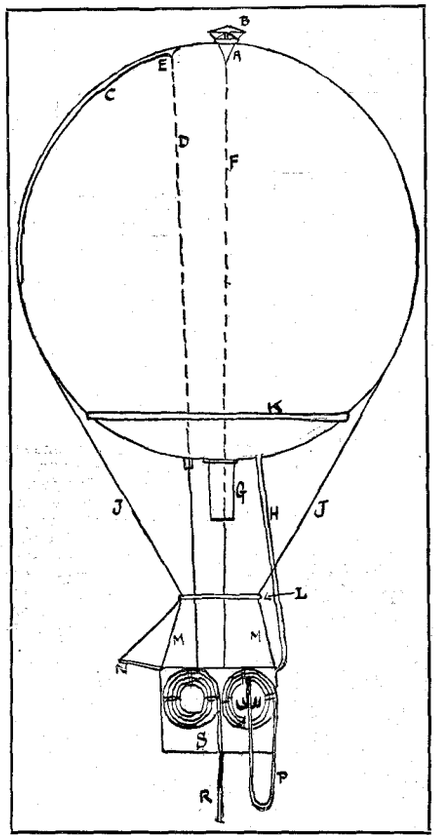
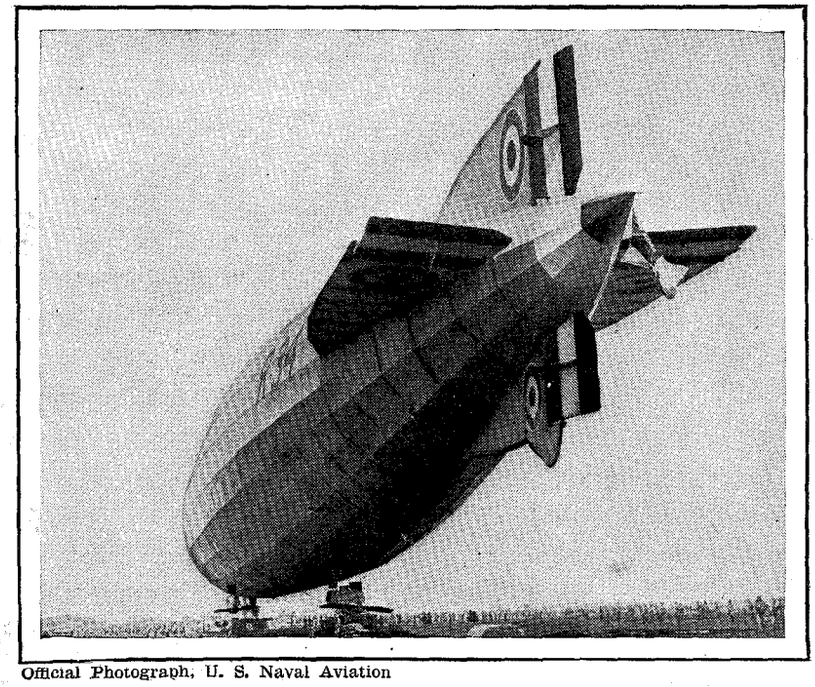
wide tube, called the "appendix," at the bottom of the bag is opened as soon as the balloon is clear of obstruction around her starting-field, and before the danger-point in pressure is reached gas is being forced down and out through this appendix. On the other hand, as chilled gas shrinks, air is sucked in through the appendix, keeping the bag plump enough to insure equal strain on the supporting "leading lines" of the load ring. The sensitive response of the balloon to these changes in volume and weight of its contents is immediately apparent to even a tyro.

A glance at the accompanying sketch will show that a free balloon is far more complicated than would at first appear, and will serve besides to show the "how" as well as the "why."

As in an airplane, after the first sensations, the free-balloon student has little or no feeling of being in danger under any ordinary conditions. He feels reasonably sure of where he is going, and confident of his ability to land there without mishap. He is almost glad when the monotony is broken and he is mistaken by woodsmen for a "revenuer" and fired at with a shotgun; and



A. Gas valve, kept closed by springs.
B. Sun and rain cover for valve.
C. Rip panel.
D. Rip cord (colored red).
E. Stops, breakable by a slight pull on rip cord.
F. Valve cord.
G. Appendix (always open during ascent).
H. Inflation tube.
J. Leading lines.
K. Drip band (keeps rain from running into basket).
L. Load ring.
M. Car lines.
N. Chart board.
P. Grapnel line.
R. Drag rope.
S. Basket or car.



Official Photograph, U. S. Naval Aviation

EVEN THE HUGE R-34, AND SIMILAR RIGID AIRSHIPS, ARE NO BETTER THAN FREE BALLOONS WHEN THEIR MOTIVE POWER IS OUT OF COMMISSION. THIS SHIP, OVER 600 FEET LONG, HAS TO BE HANDLED EXACTLY THE SAME AS A FREE BALLOON WHEN ITS MOTORS ARE NOT TURNING OVER

he is filled with glee when cotton-field hands run shrieking from his approach, mistaking him for the Archangel Gabriel. For, after all, free-ballooning is monotonous, certain, deadly dull. It has its risks, but, as a certain dear "jackanapes" of our childhood remarked, "You might get struck by lightning buying a pound of butter!" When the writer first contemplated this article, he sought out an experienced balloonist, an instructor of students, and asked for striking features and incidents to make the picture clearer. And after long thought, he gave me the dialogue with which I have opened it as the salient and most usual episode after a night of black drifting when the dead-reckoning course needed verification to square the chart with the country sliding past below.

In March, 1920, a balloon from Pensacola made a noteworthy flight. Under command of Lieutenant T. C. Lonnquest, carrying four men, and with a capacity of 35,000 cubic feet of gas and 930 pounds of ballast, she flew through rain and snow storms from Pensacola, Florida, to Murdock, Illinois, a distance comparing favorably with the records of the international races, where but two men take the air with great spheres of 80,000 cubic feet. Between the time of her start, at 6:35 P.M. on March 23, and her landing, at 2:53 P.M. of the 24th, her log, kept by Lieutenant G. C. Cannon, contains fifty-four time entries. Most of them are bald statements of "Alt. 1900. Course 305. Speed, 15 m.p.h. Air unstable." Five or six times during the twenty hours the log becomes loquacious, as this:

"5:30 A.M. Alt. 2000. Course 340. Speed 32 m.p.h. Passing over river country. Many small streams flowing in meander scars. Asked location from several people on ground, who replied with various pleasantries but declined to commit themselves to a definite statement. Sky clear except for small bank of stratus to the east."

"10:15 A.M. On drag rope. Thunder and nimbus clouds passed S. W. Fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth bags ballast out. Hailed men on ground. Secretive as ever."

"12:25 P.M. Twenty-second bag out. Now passing one-mile blocks into which Illinois is divided in 65 seconds."

"2:51 P.M. Passed over large barn with sign 'H. T. Barr, Undertaker and Embalmer.' Decided to land."

"2:53 P.M. By use of valve and ballast balanced off on drag rope about 25 feet above ground, speed 55 m.p.h. Made rip landing in muddy corn-field. Dragged about 50 feet. Greeted by farmer, who invited us to come right in to supper."

The invitation was undoubtedly accepted with enthusiasm, as an entry at noon records that they "split the next to last sandwich four ways." When unusual incidents of the trip were requested, the only one brought out was that a small green lizard had mounted the basket in Pensacola, and the "poor little cuss was frozen stiff when we landed and found him." And the last entry in Lieutenant Lonnquest's report invites attention to the "close correspondence of the track predicted by Lieutenant Reed to the actual track."

Free-ballooning is not an enterprise of fools and dare-devils, but, like all other military training, is founded on a solid basis. That basis is that the men who fight must be safe from any danger except that of the enemy. Upon the free-balloon pilot the safety and the very life of the dirigible depend.

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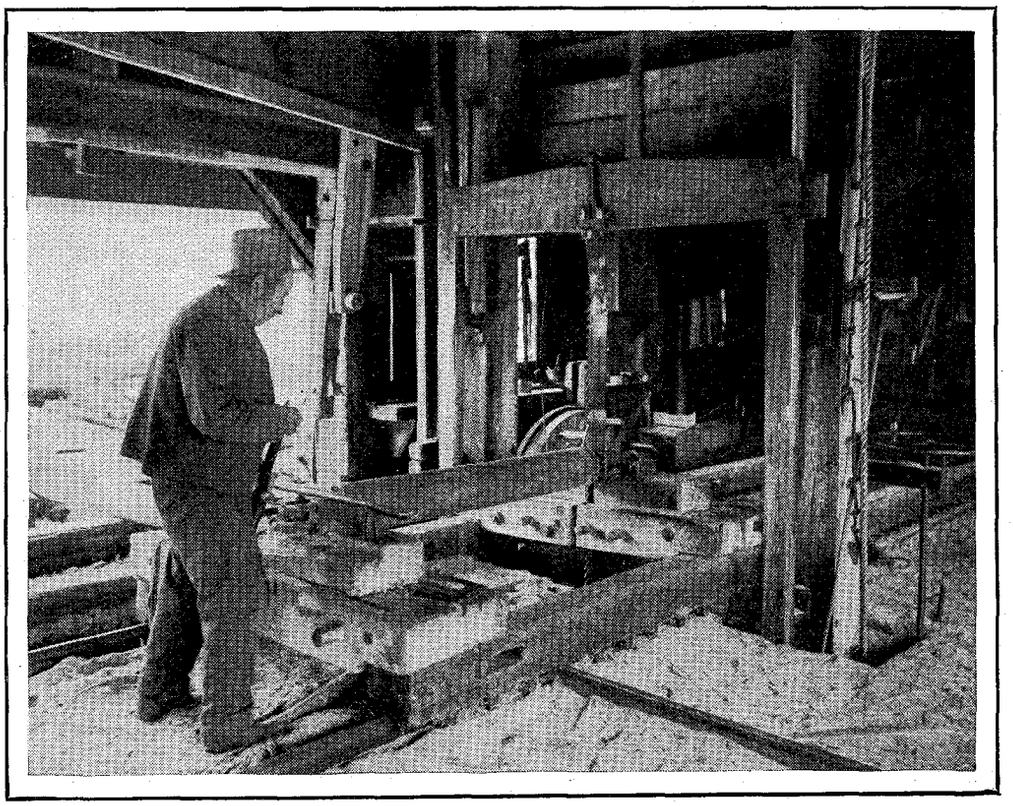
APART FROM "THE WORLD'S PEOPLE"



AN OLD-FASHIONED UP-AND-DOWN SAW MILL, OPERATED BY WATER POWER IN A SHAKER VILLAGE

A YOUNG SHAKERESS—AN OLD-TIME SMOKE-HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND

From John H. Tarbell, New York City

These views of the Shaker settlement in the town of Enfield, New Hampshire, show one of the few remaining communities of that peculiar sect. "The Shakers' village in this place," says our informant, "was very small, and evidently their numbers were dwindling. They were maintaining a little school where children from 'the world's people' were being instructed. They had a small shop or store for the sale of Shaker articles, but they no longer sell herb remedies as they did in former years. I attended their religious Sunday morning service, in which the men sat on one side of the room and the women on the other. At the present day, however, they have no dancing or anything to correspond with the ceremonies which in former years gave them the name of 'Shakers.' Their service did not differ materially from that of a great many other meetings of a similar character. I found them a very kindly people, very obliging, and seemingly very sincere in their belief"

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THE BOOK TABLE

THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDERS

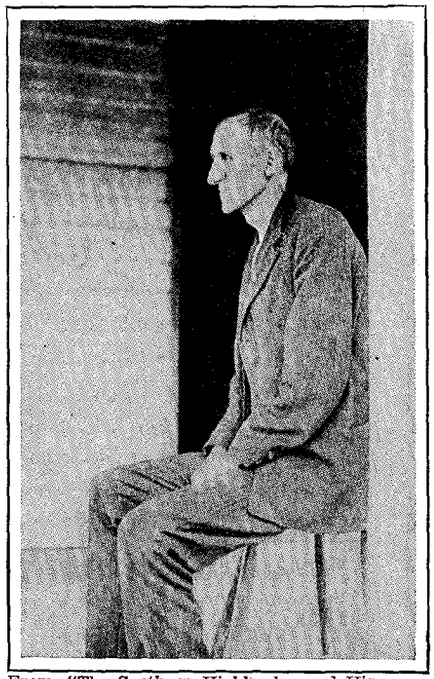
BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

OUR own lost tribes, the Mountaineers—three million souls and more—trace their lineage to backwoodsmen who built log cabins in Appalachia before the Revolution. The dreamy uplands they inhabit cover 112,000 square miles, parceled out among nine Southern States. The mountains have been for most Americans largely a *terra incognita*. To be sure we knew that from Appalachia had come the intrepid Alvin C. York. Somewhere in Appalachia, we fancied, dwelt the originals of characters in grim tales by John Fox, Jr. Moreover, Horace Kephart had sketched with incomparable fidelity an Appalachian bailiwick like many another but glaringly unlike many more. And the typical missionary leaflet, mistaking fact for truth, had pictured the "typical" mountain home, the "typical" mountain family—misrepresentative, both. Not once had a qualified observer—historian, sociologist, economist, educator, and philanthropist combined—given us an interpretation of Appalachia in its entirety. At last we have just that; for the Russell Sage Foundation has published "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland."[1]

John C. Campbell, author of this remarkable book, spent nearly a quarter of a century—all his active years—in Appalachia. As a teacher, first. Then as an explorer threading mountain trails on horseback. Finally, as secretary of the Sage Foundation's Southern Highlands Division and as a kind of lay bishop, to whom mountain pedagogues, mountain social workers, and mountain dominies came with their problems. Few "fotched-on furriners" (Campbell was a Northerner, educated at Williams and Andover) have known the mountains so broadly or the mountaineer so intimately.

In its olive-green cover, bearing the Sage Foundation's seal, and with its appendices and scrupulously prepared tables and elaborate maps, "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland" wears the look, almost, of a reference work for specialists. Its outline, as revealed by chapter heads, gives much the same impression, and it is true that specialists will find in it a history of the mountains, an exhaustive analysis of their resources, and a most painstaking account of mountain life and ways. The missionary overlord meanwhile will value especially such passages as this from Campbell's chapter on "Avenues for Contact and Progress:"

"The mountaineer is extremely sensitive and independent. He is not a person to be pushed where he does not wish to go, nor is he submissively responsive to a shaping process. Although often appreciative of efforts made for his good by those who have won his regard, he is yet somewhat distrustful of innovations or of new people trying old methods. Furthermore, he is not altogether an easy person with whom to work, for his individualism leads him to disregard the thoughts and plans of others, and to consult only his own wishes, which to-day may differ widely from those of yesterday. His sensitiveness renders it very difficult for his best friends to make public any statement regarding him, even by way of clearing up misrepresentations, or to suggest measures of promise for his country and his people. Those who have his confidence may guide him and may tell him his shortcomings face to face, but frequently he turns upon the leaders whom he has followed because they have set forth his need to the public. Many an attempt for community betterment in the mountains has failed because those who planned it have not duly regarded this sensitiveness. There is, however, more of hope for people who feel thus than for such as are ready to be exploited and willing to be held up, or to hold themselves up, as cheerful recipients of 'missionary effort.'"



From "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland"
Courtesy Russell Sage Foundation

A MOUNTAINEER OF KENTUCKY
"He is not a person to be pushed"

Yet a rare humorist was Campbell, and, like the ever-captivating Henri de Varigny, knew how to enliven a scholarly treatise with bouts of fun. His volume abounds in good yarns. For example, when speaking of the mountaineer's native cleverness, he repeats a talk with a ten-year-old boy. The Fourth of July was approaching. "Why do we celebrate?" asked Campbell. "We fit the British and we licked them," said the lad. "What did we fight them for?" "Taxation without representation." "Is anybody taxed without representation in this country now?" "No." "How about women?" "They have an old man" (husband) "to vote for them." "But suppose they haven't any old man?" "Their brother." But suppose a woman hasn't any husband or brother. Oughtn't she to vote then?" "No! A woman what ain't got sense enough to get her up an old man ain't got sense enough to vote."

If Campbell's chapter on "Individualism in Various Aspects" looks a bit too learnedly awesome, have no fear. In the midst of it you will come upon this merriest of mountain ballads, the "Swapping Song"—

I swapped me a horse and got me a mare,
And then I rode from fair to fair.

Tum a wing waw waddle,
Tum a jack straw straddle,
Tum a John paw faddle,
Tum a long way home.

I swapped my mare and got me a cow,
And in that trade I just learned how.

I swapped my cow and got me a calf,
And in that trade I just lost half.

I swapped my calf and got me a mule,
And then I rode like a dog-gone fool.

I swapped my mule and got me a sheep,
And then I rode myself to sleep.

I swapped my sheep and got me a hen,
O what a pretty thing I had then.

I swapped my hen and got me a rat,
Looks like two little cats upon a haystack.

I swapped my rat and got me a mole,
And the dog-gone thing went straight to its hole.

And there is a hint of humor, in its way, in an old mountaineer's version of the story of Abraham: "Abraham went out in the wilderness on a four days' journey, and he took with him several camels and she asses and built hisself an altar unto the Lord. And he packed wood hisself for the altar. And Isaac said unto Abraham, 'Pap, whar's the ram?' And Abraham said unto Isaac, 'Son, you needn't be worritted about the ram. The Lord will pervide a sacrifice.'

"Then Abraham took his son and stripped him, and he drew his knife (kindly slow-like—don't you reckon?—'cause it war his boy) and turned away his head. And thar was a ram, ketched by his horn in the grapevine!

"I've studied a right smart, and I've asked a heap of men learned in books. What do you reckon would have happened if Abraham had killed Isaac? *I* reckon there wouldn't have been no need

[1] The Southern Highlander and His Homeland. By John C. Campbell. The Russell Sage Foundation, New York.

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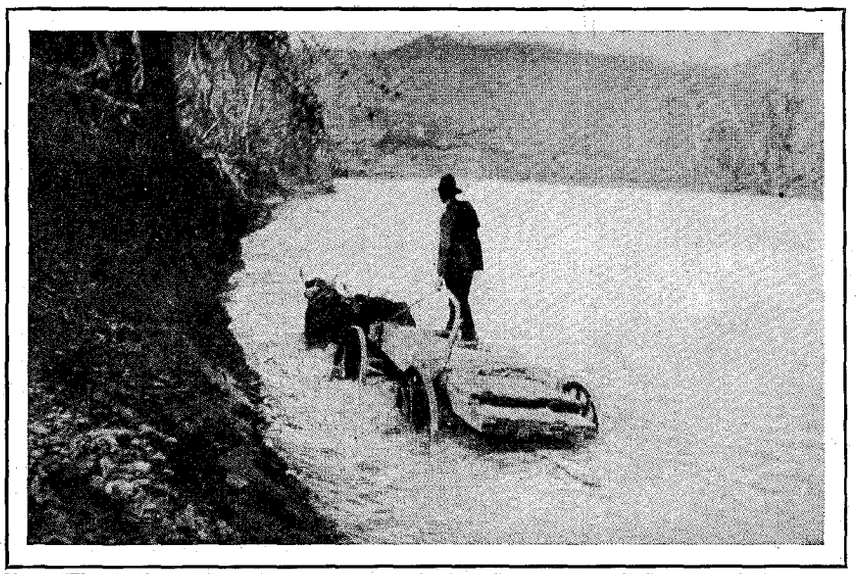

From "The Southern Highlander and His Homeland." Courtesy Russell Sage Foundation

WHEN THE CREEK IS UP OVER THE ROAD

to kill Christ. The Scripture says we must be saved by blood, and we would have been saved by the blood of Isaac."

Along with the humor there was a fine tenderness in Campbell. He used to promise that some day—the day never came—he would write mountain stories more or less in the vein of "Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush." He had material in plenty. For instance, he was chatting one afternoon with a mountain girl, who said, "I've come to tell you good-by, for I'm aimin' to quit school." "But why, Myrtle?" "What's the use of educating me? I'm only a girl, and they's eight young ones at home. You know where we live." "But you will be a more helpful girl with an education, and you will have a much wider influence through your home, later." "That ain't for me. Don't you see what's happening? The best boys, the only kind I would want to marry, don't stay here when they finish school. There's nothing ahead for me but to stay home and let my men-folks support me, or to marry some one I don't want now I been to school. I'm wanting things I can't have. I'd better be left in my ignorance." Nevertheless Myrtle remained at school. You can guess why.

Despite his tenderness, Campbell avoided sentimentality always, and in dealing with such matters as illiteracy, moonshining, and feuds (there once were feuds here and there in Appalachia) his book is unfailingly judicial. Yet of sentiment—the real thing, not its counterfeit—he had much. Indeed it was sentiment that led him to devote himself to work among our lost tribes. Long ago a family of mountaineers had befriended his father—taken in the lad just over from Scotland, nursed him through a terrible illness, and literally saved his life. That Scotchman's son, years afterward, wanted to pay them back, and did. Campbell was never a "missionary." To the end of his brave career—he died in the spring of 1920 from a malady brought on by overwork—he was discharging a debt.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING. By Arthur Train. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A short international romance. A New York lawyer, used to American business hustle, runs over to England to stir up English solicitors. He expects to get the matter settled in a week. He doesn't! But he learns how English professional men combine work, play, and culture, and how they try to be sure if slow. Also he finds her.

CASE IN CAMERA (A). By Oliver Onions. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The name of the book is in itself a play on words, in which lurks a solution of the story's mystery. Why do so many people in this case discourage the solving of what seems to be plain murder? That is the second problem—and the answer is a strange one. The story is original and its incidents singular.

TIMBER WOLVES. By Bernard Cronin. The Macmillan Company, New York.

A story of adventure in Tasmania, where big business crooks are in a timber trust which does not stop at crime. A young English lawyer goes out to look into the matter and finds trouble and danger. He is able to help the independent operators and to win lively Peggy, daughter of one of them.

TRUSTY SERVANT (THE). By G. V. McFadden. The John Lane Company, New York.

This has more villainy to the square inch than any story since "Lady Audley's Secret." The innocent hero in the first fifty pages is falsely charged with murder, convicted, sentenced to the gallows, taken back to jail (because George, Prince of Wales, is thereabouts, and might be shocked—he wouldn't; he loved hangings), taken to the gallows a second time, hanged, cut down hastily (George in the offing again), sold as a dead body to a sculptor as a model, resuscitated, made a slave by the sculptor, and branded T. S. for Trusty Servant. Now his troubles really begin, and last for three hundred pages more, when he is happily married. If you want excitement, grand, gloomy, and peculiar, it is here wholesale. And it's not badly written.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

DENMARK. By Frederic C. Howe, Ph.D. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

Denmark, the author says, is a demonstration of the possibilities of democracy, industrial as well as political. The remarkable progress of this Old World kingdom in directions in which the American Republic is supposed to lead forms a lesson, well presented in this book, which American publicists, statesmen, industrialists, and citizens generally should learn and take to heart.

MISCELLANEOUS

CREOLE FAMILIES OF NEW ORLEANS. By Grace King. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The delightful atmosphere of old New Orleans is well reproduced in these accounts of distinguished Creole families. Even the reader who does not care for genealogical details is fascinated by the graphic narratives that are unfolded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

FICTION

DON QUIXOTE OF AMERICA (THE). By Charles Hemstreet. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.

NEXT CORNER (THE). By Kate Jordan. Little, Brown & Co., Boston.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

MUSIC AND THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT IN FRANCE. By Arthur Ware Lock. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd., London.

BIOGRAPHY

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW CARNEGIE. Illustrated. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

LINCOLN LIFE SKETCHES. By Garrett Newkirk. Duffield & Co., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN ECONOMIC LIFE IN ITS CIVIC AND SOCIAL ASPECTS. By Henry Reed Burch, Ph.D. The Macmillan Company, New York.

DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA. By Jerome Dowd, M.A. The Harlow Publishing Company, Oklahoma City.

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT OF THE UNITED STATES. By Isaac Lippincott, Ph.D. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

ENGINEER (THE). By John Hays Hammond. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

HOPE FARM NOTES. By Herbert W. Collingwood. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, New York.

HUMAN BEHAVIOR IN RELATION TO THE STUDY OF EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND ETHICAL PROBLEMS. By Stewart Paton, M.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

JAPAN AND THE CALIFORNIA PROBLEM. By T. Iyenaga, Ph.D., and Penoske Sato, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

TALES OF THE SAMURAI. By Asataro Miyamori. Illustrated. The Kyo-bunkwan, Ginza, Tokyo, Japan.

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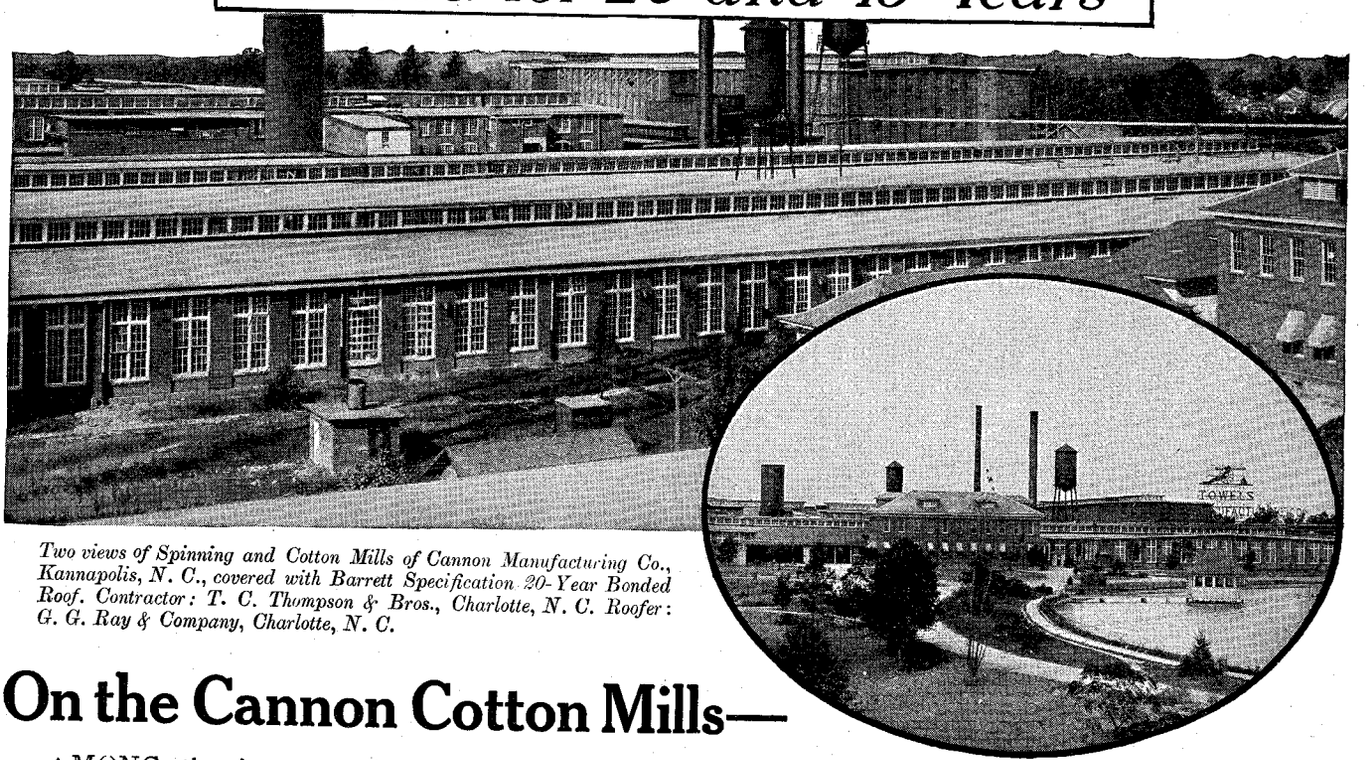
Barrett Specification Roofs

Bonded for 20 and 10 Years



Two views of Spinning and Cotton Mills of Cannon Manufacturing Co., Kannapolis, N. C., covered with Barrett Specification 20-Year Bonded Roof. Contractor: T. C. Thompson & Bros., Charlotte, N. C. Roofer: G. G. Ray & Company, Charlotte, N. C.

On the Cannon Cotton Mills—

AMONG the important industrial concerns of the country that have standardized on Barrett Specification Roofs, is the great Cannon Manufacturing Company which controls the largest group of cotton mills in the South, with a total of over 600,000 spindles.

On this company's Kannapolis, N. C., plant alone, more than 5,000 squares—nearly 12 acres—of Barrett Specification Roofs have been constructed during the last eight years.

Of this vast roof area, 3,500 squares carry the 20-Year Barrett Surety Bond Guarantee, which absolutely protects the owner from all roof-repair expense for 20 years from date of completion.

The decision of the Cannon Manufacturing Company to use Barrett Specification Roofs exclusively on all flat-roofed buildings was based on many years' experience with this type of roof construction.

Not only are these roofs by far the most economical per year of service, but they also offer a degree of fire protection which is not exceeded by any other built-up flat roof. They carry the base rate of fire insurance.

The Barrett Specification Type "AA" 20-Year Bonded Roof represents the most permanent roof covering it is possible to construct, and while we bond it for 20 years only, we can name many roofs of this type that have been in service over 40 years and are still in good condition.

Where the character of the building does not justify a roof of such extreme length of service, we recommend the Barrett Specification Type "A" Roof, bonded for 10 years. Both roofs are built of the same high grade materials, the only difference being in the quantity used.

Before specifying or closing contract for a Barrett Specification Bonded Roof, be sure to read carefully all the stipulations in the specifications.

Full details regarding these Bonded Roofs and copies of The Barrett Specifications sent free on request.

The Barrett Company

New York	Chicago	Philadelphia	Boston	St. Louis
Cleveland	Cincinnati	Pittsburgh	Detroit	New Orleans
Birmingham	Kansas City	Minneapolis	Dallas	Nashville
Syracuse	Seattle	Peoria	Atlanta	Duluth
Salt Lake City	Bangor	Washington	Johnstown	Lebanon
Youngstown	Milwaukee	Toledo	Columbus	Richmond
Latrobe	Bethlehem	Elizabeth	Buffalo	Baltimore
Omaha	Houston	Denver	Jacksonville	

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal Toronto Winnipeg
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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

The Cabinet

HOW do you distinguish between political, administrative, and clerical offices?

Are the Cabinet positions regarded as political offices? Should they be?

One writer on political affairs tells us that in Great Britain when there is a change of the party in power not more than about one hundred men change office. In this country many hundreds change office when there is a change of party in power. What reasons have you for believing that the British system is or is not better than the American?

Should men seek public office? What different points would you emphasize in discussing this question?

If you were asked to give reasons whether it would be desirable for the President to attempt to have the different races in America represented in his Cabinet, what reasons would you give?

If you should look unfavorably upon representation of races in the Cabinet, would you look favorably upon the representation in the Cabinet of certain industrial classes, such as the labor unions, or the capitalists, or the railway men?

Does it seem to you that President Harding has deliberately selected representatives of either races or industrial classes for his Cabinet? Can you illustrate your answer?

Why are the leading offices of our Federal Government, including the Presidency, not more frequently filled with great and striking men? Is it because America lacks men of first-rate ability?

Has what Mr. Crawford writes in this issue of The Outlook caused you to change your attitude toward the Harding Cabinet? Explain why or why not.

Do you take exception to anything Mr. Crawford says in his article? What is the explanation of your answer?

Define with accuracy the following expressions: *"Lame duck" appointment, partisan politicians, premier, in media res, highbrow statesmen, adroit, astute politicians, homogeneous, ensemble.*

For reading on the American Cabinet you could not do better than to read Chapter IX of "The American Commonwealth," by James Bryce (Macmillan); read also in connection with this topic the particularly valuable book entitled "Principles of Politics," by J. W. Jenks (Columbia University Press).

The Outlook's Second Prize Contest

Was your interest sustained as you read The Outlook's Second Prize Contest Letters? Give reasons why it was or was not.

What do these Contest Letters show? How freely can you illustrate your answer?

Which one of the prize letters published in full in this issue of The Outlook do you consider best? What reasons have you for agreeing or disagreeing with the letter The Outlook considers the best one?

What did the World War mean to you while it was going on? What does it mean to you to-day? If it means anything different to you now from what it did at any time from 1914 to 1918, what is your explanation?

There are those who believe that America's Civil War was not worth what it cost. There are those who believe that the World War cost more than it was worth. There are those who believe that there never was a war that was worth while. Are you among those who believe these things? If not, why aren't you?

Explain these terms: *Morbid, easel, pseudonym, tabloid histories, disillusionment, naïvely, octopus, poignant, subtle reaction, incredulous, pontifical.*

The Reason for Free Balloons

What does Lieutenant McIntosh mean by free balloons?

Has the writer of this article made clear why free-ballooning is allowed, despite the fact that we have dirigibles? State in your own words the explanation he gives.

What services have balloons rendered? Do you think there is much of a future for the balloon?

What words and expressions used by Lieutenant McIntosh in his article on another page are you unfamiliar with? What do these words and expressions mean?

France Inexorable; While Germany Evades

What is the attitude of France toward Germany? What reasons do you think caused France to take this attitude?

Do or do you not sympathize with the French attitude toward Germany? Upon what is your attitude founded?

From reading The Outlook's editorial on another page entitled "France Inexorable" what do you conclude the attitude of The Outlook is toward Germany? Toward France? In your opinion, is the attitude of The Outlook founded upon imagination or is it backed up by actual facts that have taken place since the signing of the armistice?

How much do you think Germany would do by way of squaring herself with the Allied countries if she were given an entirely free hand in this matter? What explanation have you for your answer?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them.—The Editors.

CONTRIBUTORS' GALLERY

W. C. GREGG, after three months in Europe, has recently returned to the United States. His experience as a manufacturer and exporter of railway supplies as well as his experience as a citizen interested in social progress in America has enabled him to obtain, from all kinds of people at first hand, fresh and important information regarding European post-war developments.

WILLIAM H. CRAWFORD was born at the American Embassy at Paris in 1871. He is a descendant of William H. Crawford, candidate for President against Adams. He was raised in New Orleans, was educated at Harvard and Heidelberg, and, long a newspaper man and magazine writer, has been Washington correspondent for the New York "Times." He was a close personal friend of the late Theodore Roosevelt and he knew personally and interviewed every President and Cabinet officer since the Administration of Grover Cleveland. He accompanied Secretary of State Colby to South America for the New York "Times" and "covered" Harding and Cox during the recent campaign. He wrote the Harding biography which was widely distributed by the Republican National Committee and wrote the handbook interview with Mr. Harding published in the May issue of "World's Work." He is a conservative in politics. His home is in New York City.

C. K. MCINTOSH is Lieutenant-Commander in the United States Navy, stationed at the Naval Air Station at Pensacola, Florida. He has contributed to the "Atlantic Monthly," "Sea Power," the "Naval Institute Proceedings," and numerous aeronautical magazines. His present article has been approved for publication by Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

LEE RAMSDELL, winner of the first prize in the second of The Outlook's prize contests, is a Greenwich Village art student, but, she tells us, "I don't belong in New York. My home is in Massachusetts. I seemed to have lots more to say than I could squeeze in."

JAMES V. HICKEY, winner of the second prize, is a corporal in the Regular Army, stationed at Camp Travis, Texas. His name as well as Miss Ramsdell's is divulged with permission.

"ALICE I. STEVENS," the signature which appears over the contest letter which won one of the third prizes, is an assumed name.

MRS. KATHERINE CARR WILSON lives in Amityville, Long Island. This picture of her was made from the passport photograph that carried her to Paris, where she experienced the reactions that supplied the material with which she captured her prize.

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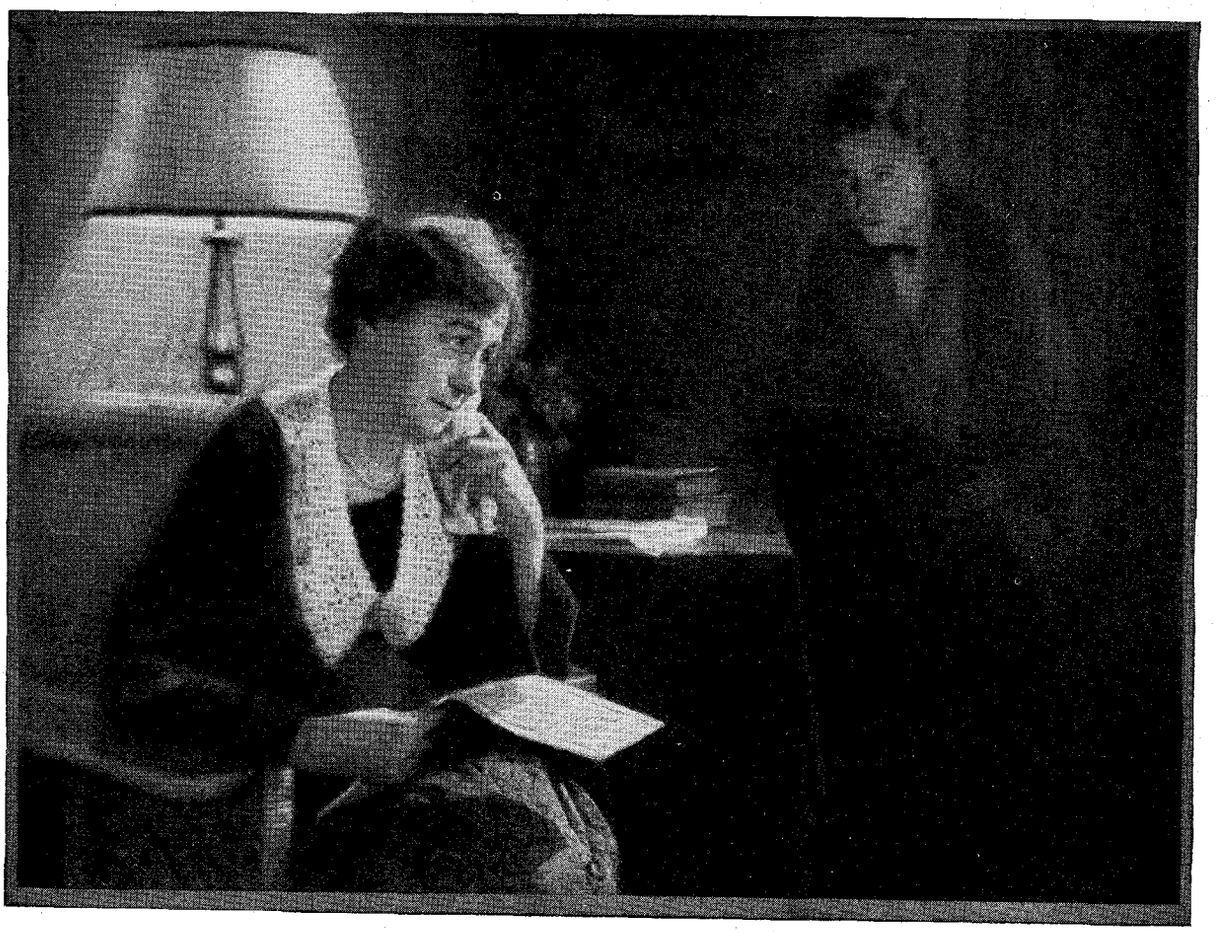

He had died a hero—but he had died

"The name of Saunders Harrison will go down on the annals of our school as that of a hero. May you find comfort in the knowledge of the glory of his sacrifice."

It was part of a letter from the head master of St. Matthew's.

The writing blurred before her eyes. Through an aching daze she visualized again that terrible night. Red daggers of flame stabbing the darkness. Great clouds of smoke, that sinister ally of fire, blinding, masking the way to safety. Boys marching out in grim silence. The roll call —each answering to his name, shouting above the sucking roar of fire, and the sickening thuds of falling walls. One boy missing! Her boy, Saunders, went back to get him, and never came out.

Yes, he had died like a hero—but he had died!

His nineteen years of clean, splendid boyhood was a prouder, finer record than many a man's full three score years and ten.

Never to touch him again. Never to hold him tight in her arms.

She rejoiced in his glory. But comfort? He was gone.

* * * * * *

Splendid instructors. Athletic sports. Excellent moral supervision. A proud name. How carefully they had investigated every phase of the school life before they had decided where he should go. Yet they had taken safety for granted.

There is an average of seven school fires every day because safety is "taken for granted."

Will you profit by the terrible experience of others or must you wait for the supreme sacrifice of one of your loved ones before you will see to it that the one sure method of fire prevention is installed?

With Grinnell Automatic Sprinklers there need be no sacrifice. Day and night they guard schools and other institutions of our land and silently and completely give protection against fire. Make safety certain. Put a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System in your school. *When the fire starts, the water starts.*

Send for *"Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"*

Drop us a postcard before you lay aside this magazine. Procrastination may result in sorrow. We have solid, unbiased, truthful facts concerning adequate protection for schools, hospitals and institutions and a list of such buildings which have been made safe from fire. Address Grinnell Company, Inc., 289 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

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When the fire starts the water starts

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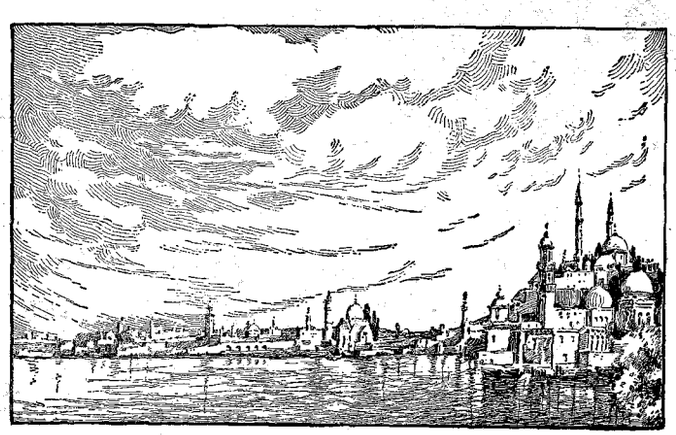
The Sky-Blue Passport

With only the sky as the limit of its *visé* field



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THE AMERICAN TRAVELER is known by the color of his money.

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BUY THEM AT BANKS or Express Offices.

FOR ALL JOURNEYS—secure your steamship tickets, hotel reservations and itineraries or plan your cruise or tour through the American Express Travel Department.

American Express Company

65 Broadway, New York City

PUBLISHER'S NOTES

PUBLIC interest in "the new Outlook" has assumed gratifying proportions. Subscription receipts for April, 1921, exceed those for any other month of April in the history of The Outlook with but one exception—April, 1909, when a heavy subscription response to the addition of the late Theodore Roosevelt to the staff as Contributing Editor was recorded.

THE subject of The Outlook's Prize Contest Number Three will be announced in next week's issue.

FROM Coral Denny, one of the competitors in Contest Number One, whose contest letter was published in a recent issue, comes the following, written at Buffalo, Wyoming: "Your 'modest check' came to-day. Since it is the first money earned (or gained) through letter-writing, I feel scandalously opulent and far, far from modest. My thoughts turned at once to the famine funds. How many days could a Chinese, an Armenian, or a Central European keep the wolf from the door on the sum I have received? But which race or nationality is in the direst need? The poor are ever with us. Shall I not make an investment that will, with management, create a lasting Outlook fund? That will save all the agony of deciding whether little Fan Tan can play 'this year there is something to eat' or whether wee Ambrose Weber is to be deprived of rations. Yes—I shall exchange my crisp check for downy chickens, and by next subscription time egg dividends should keep The Outlook on our table. And who knows! These same feathered friends may furnish material for some of those practical rural notes so forcefully suggested by Howard Murray Jones."

FROM Beltrami, Minnesota: "Times are hard on the farm, and money hard to get, but it is great at the end of a hard day's work, when everything seems to go wrong and one is full of his own little troubles, to find The Outlook among the mail, and through it peer out upon the world and its activity."

A CLEVELAND doctor phrases his friendly feeling toward The Outlook in the following cordial manner: "I have a letter from you, a reminder that there is a mutual need for a subscription renewal. Check is inclosed. Your kind offer of a book is quite an unnecessary inducement. If you send it of your own desire, I shall not be ungrateful for your generosity, but I have failed to renew this year simply through negligence—just as one does sometimes thoughtlessly neglect a very good friend. I receive from The Outlook as much as I do from most of my friends. It brings to me a fine constancy of fine personality that I class with them all—and so, if its friendly visits ceased you'd hear about it. I think, though, you should impose a penalty in that letter instead of bearing gifts as you come. Indeed, on first thought the very offer itself is penalizing to my conscience. Yours in loyal procrastination."

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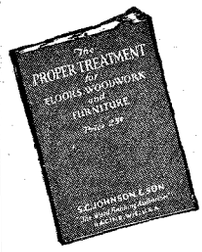

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This book gives complete instructions for finishing both hard and soft woods in enameled effects with **Johnson's PerfecTone Enamel**—and in stained effects with **Johnson's Wood Dye.** We will gladly send you this book free and postpaid. When writing, please mention the name of your best dealer in paints.

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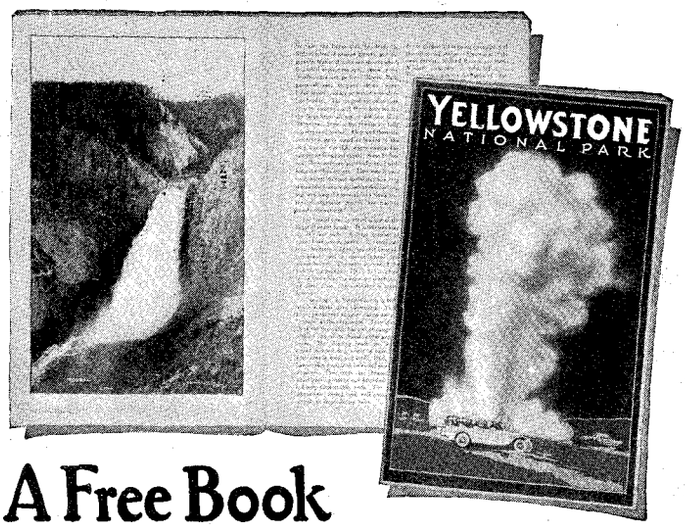

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Tells how, for price of round trip ticket to Yellowstone Park, you can make a "circle tour" to Yellowstone, returning by way of Denver. (Rocky Mountain National-Estes Park is conveniently reached by inexpensive side trip.) See map below. All on a Burlington-Northern Pacific Planned Vacation.

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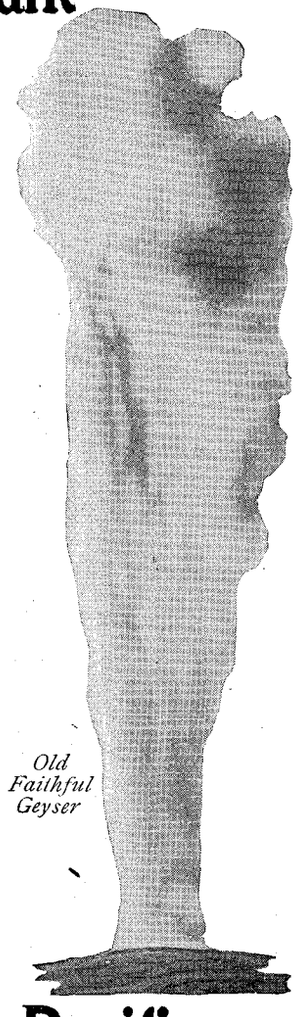
All—in connection with your trip to Yellowstone.



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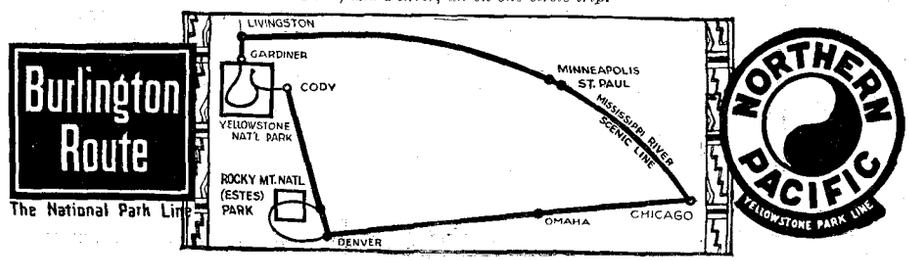
Three great wonder spots—Yellowstone Park, Rocky Mountain—Estes—Park, and Denver, all on one circle trip.



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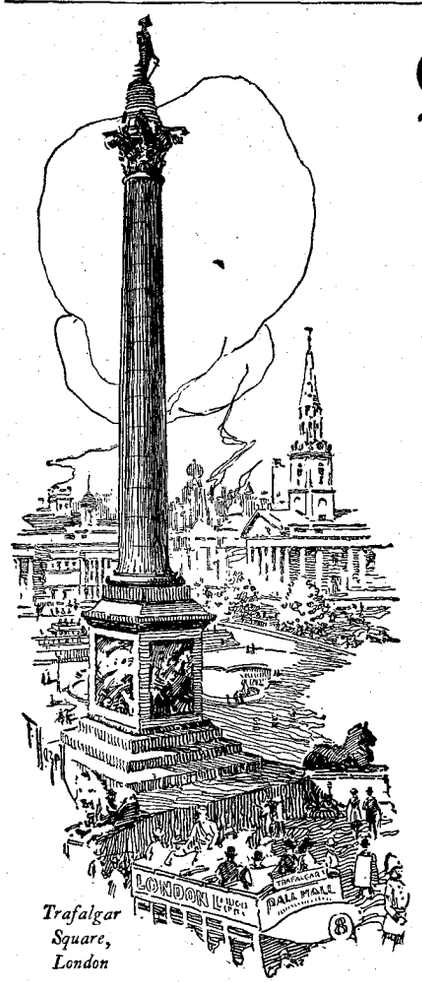
FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

WHY BOTHER WITH SPECULATIONS?

THE writer of this article recently received a call from a man selling stock in a newly organized phonograph company. Now stock in a phonograph company may be an extremely good investment, for some phonograph companies have been enormously successful and made large profits for their stockholders. In fact, the salesman for the new company dwelt largely on this fact, and described in glowing terms the rise of the value of one company's stock from fifty cents a share to many hundreds of dollars. All of which is perfectly true; but what does it prove? It is obviously absurd to think that because one concern has been highly successful all other concerns in the same business will fare as well. The same line of reasoning would attempt to establish with equal justification that because J. P. Morgan became a millionaire banker all other bankers will also become millionaires. In the case of the phonograph company the fact that similar concerns have been successful may in reality be a negative argument; the older company has established itself, its product is proved and widely known, and these two circumstances may make it exceptionally difficult for a newly organized rival to compete. The more



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For to behold this world so wide."
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successful companies there are in a field, the harder it may be for a new company in that field to become recognized.

It is an accepted fact, however, that whenever a concern becomes immensely prosperous and makes big profits capital is attracted to the same kind of enterprise. Witness the mining and oil industries. Goldfield, Cobalt, Texas, Mexico, Oklahoma—all of them drew capital in their direction, and all of them had their successes. Also, they had their failures, probably in the proportion of at least ten to one. The demand for oil, sugar, automobiles, and candy, to mention only a few of the kinds of companies which have been successful of late years, has attracted large amounts of capital. In their wake follow too the stock promoter, the "wild-catter," and the swindler. These men are opportunists and optimists; they bubble over with enthusiasm and confidence; they promise certain profits, tell how they are letting you in on the ground floor, that this is the opportunity of a lifetime, and almost always that the opportunity will be gone unless it is seized at once.

It is all nonsense. When a salesman tells you that a stock is going up in a week, or two weeks, or a month, or whatever the time may be, ask yourself this question: "If the stock really is going to advance so soon, why should this fellow sell it to me when by holding it just a little while longer he can get these profits for himself?" The phonograph stock offered the writer had a par value of $1 a share, and the salesman was offering it at $2. A share of stock may look cheap at $2, but one should bear in mind that in a case like this it is an advance of one hundred per cent over par, the equivalent of United States Steel, say, at $200 a share. Now this particular salesman was new at the game, and when he stated that "soon" they were going to put the price up to $3 a share and he was asked who "they" were, he was somewhat stumped. "Why, I don't know," he said; "the company, I guess." A stock whose advance in price is the result merely of action by the officials or directors of the company does not, on the face of it, indicate that it is justified.

Another question to ask stock salesmen is where the market for their stock is located; in other words, if you should buy a block of it and should want to sell a short time later, where would you find a purchaser? Ask him what he himself or his company would bid for it. The statement that a thing is worth what you can sell it for may not apply to heirlooms and objects which have a sentimental value, but it does apply pertinently to stocks and bonds. Always assure yourself before you buy that there is some one who will buy from you.

The safest rule is, "Use your common sense." One of the surest signs of worthless stock is calling attention to the large profits made by similar companies. Others are the promise of enormous dividends, the ridiculing of savings banks and Wall Street, the offer of a limited number of shares to one person, the statement that the offer must be accepted at once or your chance

THE IDEAL EXECUTOR

AMONG the several qualifications of the ideal executor, the most essential are: the broadest possible experience in financial matters, familiarity with fiduciary requirements, unquestioned responsibility, both as to character and resources, and the certainty of being able to serve as long as may be necessary.

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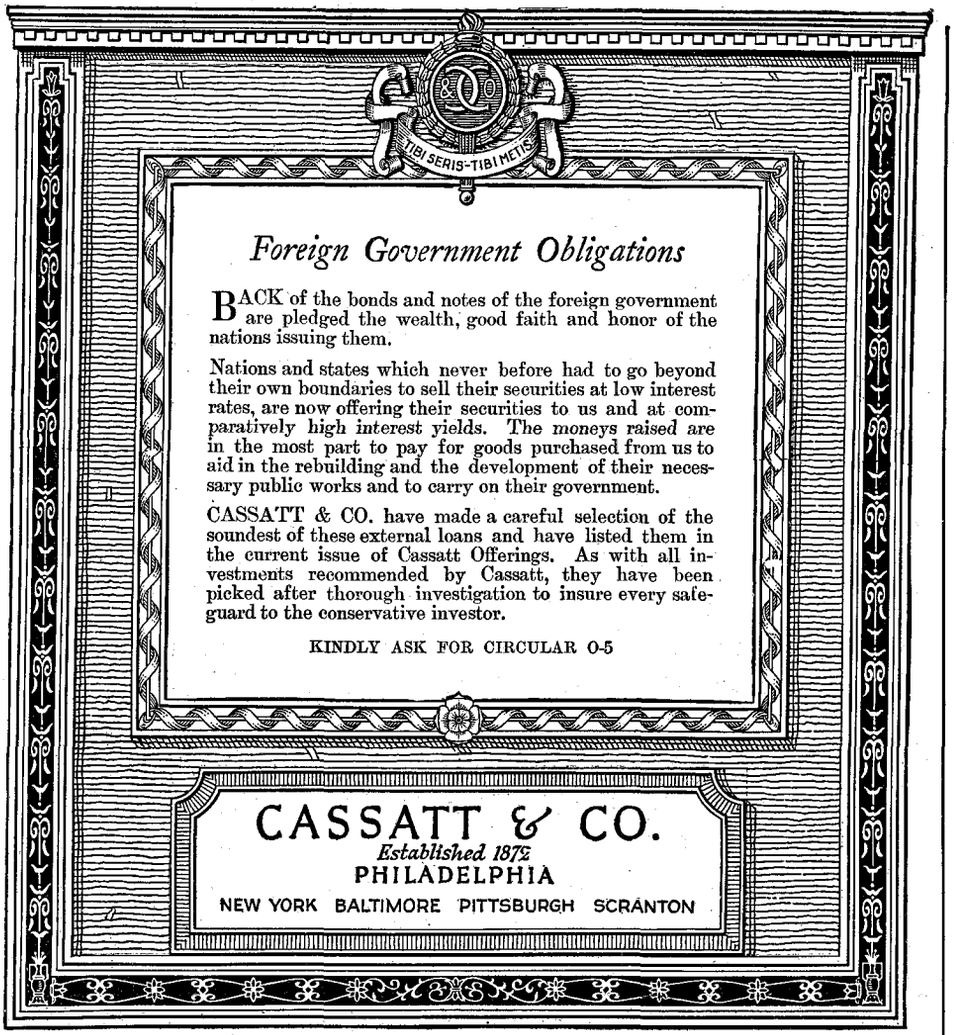
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BACK of the bonds and notes of the foreign government are pledged the wealth, good faith and honor of the nations issuing them.
Nations and states which never before had to go beyond their own boundaries to sell their securities at low interest rates, are now offering their securities to us and at comparatively high interest yields. The moneys raised are in the most part to pay for goods purchased from us to aid in the rebuilding and the development of their necessary public works and to carry on their government.
CASSATT & CO. have made a careful selection of the soundest of these external loans and have listed them in the current issue of Cassatt Offerings. As with all investments recommended by Cassatt, they have been picked after thorough investigation to insure every safeguard to the conservative investor.
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FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT

(Continued)

is gone. Suppose it is; there are thousands of other good investments, and many thousands of honest and reputable banks, bankers, and brokers ready to give you advice about them and buy them for you. Don't be misled by the "hurry" argument. Time spent in careful investigation before buying will repay you many times over.

There is no investment in the world which in the strictest sense of the term can be called safe. Losses occur in every business; but care can be exercised, and when it comes to buying securities it is only reasonable to keep away from those which are practically worthless at the start and have little or no chance of ever being a success. Granted that nothing in this world is perfect and no stock or bond free from certain risks; yet it is possible to reduce these risks to a minimum. Certainly it is no more than prudent to confine your purchases to those securities which have behind them a record of earnings showing an ample margin for dividends or interest charges, are well secured, are issued by a well-managed company, and are in demand by discriminating investors and can be sold without undue loss if the occasion requires.

Plenty of investments are to be had at the present time which meet these requirements. Reputable bankers offer them for sale, and, while they naturally describe them in attractive terms, they stick to the facts as they know them, confine their remarks to the securities they are offering, and do not dwell principally upon other successes. And the statements they make are conservative, for good bankers are among the most conservative of people; promoters and sellers of fake and speculative securities the least so. The degree of conservatism shown is often a good test of whether the security described is worth investigating or not.

First-lien bonds of railways and industrial and public utility companies are to be had to yield from 5 to 6 or even a larger per cent. Foreign government bonds are offered to yield 8 per cent and more. Short-term bonds and notes, excellently secured many of them, return from 6 to 8 per cent at present prices. Tax-exempt Government and municipal bonds are selling on a 5 to 6 per cent basis. High-grade preferred stocks can be bought to return from 5½ to 7 per cent. What more can any sane person want?

The phonograph stock salesman told the writer that he had sold his milkman five hundred shares of his stock. One thousand dollars are what it cost him, hard-earned money probably; and what are his chances of ever getting it back again? Pretty slim, we should say. Suppose that he had put this thousand dollars into Liberty Bonds and been content to get 5¾ per cent on his investment. Would he be better or worse off ten years from now? There is no question in our minds about it. Of course his phonograph stock may be extremely valuable some day, and, for his sake, we hope it will be. But we wonder if he

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realized just what he was doing when he bought it? The stock pays no dividends, and never has paid any; production is just beginning, and earnings, if indeed there are any at all, cannot amount to very much. The stock is a speculation pure and simple, and if the milkman bought it as a speculation with his eyes wide open we have no quarrel with him, for he is the one to decide whether he can afford the luxury of speculation. But if he thinks he was buying an investment he is either ignorant or foolish. Ignorance is no crime and can be remedied by the exercise of due care and common sense; foolishness is another matter. In our opinion, however, there is little excuse for either. There are many sources from which investment information may be obtained, and there is no reason why the man or woman who needs such information should not get it. And, in conclusion, we ask—when the opportunities for purchasing investment securities are so favorable, why should any one waste his time with speculations?

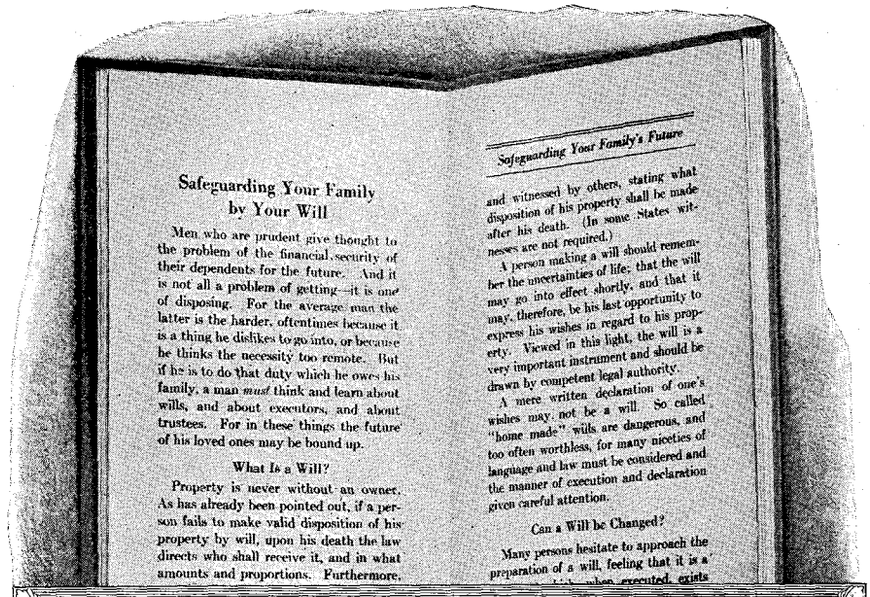
QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q. I note that the new issue of $230,000,000 Northern Pacific-Great Northern Railway Companies Joint fifteen-year 6½ per cent bonds may be converted into 6 per cent Refunding and Improved Mortgage Bonds of the Northern Pacific Railway Company, or into 7 per cent fifteen-year General Mortgage Bonds of the Great Northern Railway Company. Can you give me some information about these issues?

A. A brief description of them is as follows:

Northern Pacific Railway Refunding and Improvement Mortgage 6 per cent Bonds, Series B, to be dated July 1, 1921—to mature July 1, 2047—interest payable January 1 and July 1 in the City of New York. Redeemable at the option of the company on and after July 1, 1936, on any interest date, at 110 per cent and accrued interest. Coupon bonds in denominations of $1,000, $500, and $100, registerable as to principal. Fully registered bonds in denominations of $1,000 and authorized multiples thereof. Coupon and registered bonds and the several denominations interchangeable. These bonds will be secured by a direct mortgage or collateral lien on 6,873 miles of road, appurtenances, equipment, securities, terminals, leasehold interests, trackage rights, etc., and all other property of the company hereafter acquired with the proceeds of these bonds. Bonds may be issued under this mortgage for acquisition of property and for equipment, additions, and betterments, becoming subject to the lien of the mortgage for a principal amount equaling the actual cost, except that after the amount of the bonds outstanding shall have reached a sum specified in the mortgage additional bonds may be issued only to the extent of eighty per cent of such cost. The authorized issue is limited to an amount which, together with all outstanding prior debt of the railway company, after deducting therefrom bonds reserved to retire prior debt, shall never at any time exceed three times the amount of capital stock then outstanding.

Great Northern Railway Company


Safeguarding Your Family by Your Will

Men who are prudent give thought to the problem of the financial security of their dependents for the future. And it is not all a problem of getting—it is one of disposing. For the average man the latter is the harder, oftentimes because it is a thing he dislikes to go into, or because he thinks the necessity too remote. But if he is to do that duty which he owes his family, a man *must* think and learn about wills, and about executors, and about trustees. For in these things the future of his loved ones may be bound up.

What Is a Will?

Property is never without an owner. As has already been pointed out, if a person fails to make valid disposition of his property by will, upon his death the law directs who shall receive it, and in what amounts and proportions. Furthermore,

Safeguarding Your Family's Future

and witnessed by others, stating what disposition of his property shall be made after his death. (In some States witnesses are not required.)

A person making a will should remember the uncertainties of life; that the will may go into effect shortly, and that it may, therefore, be his last opportunity to express his wishes in regard to his property. Viewed in this light, the will is a very important instrument and should be drawn by competent legal authority.

A mere written declaration of one's wishes may not be a will. So called "home made" wills are dangerous, and too often worthless, for many niceties of language and law must be considered and the manner of execution and declaration given careful attention.

Can a Will be Changed?

Many persons hesitate to approach the preparation of a will, feeling that it is a

What is a Will?
Can a Will be Changed?
Who Will Carry Out Your Wishes?

WITH the best of intentions for the welfare of their families, many men neglect to consider the future. They forget that women and children, left without the protection of husband and father, are often obliged to endure unnecessary hardships.

There is one best way to provide for the time when you may not be here. That is to make a will.

What is a will? Can it be changed at any time to meet new circumstances? What is an executor and trustee? Can the money and property you leave be surrounded by such safeguards as to protect it against the business inexperience of those who may receive it? Is there a way to direct the distribution of property and the income from it over a period of years?

The head of a family owes it to those who look to him for protection, to be informed on these questions. They are discussed in a booklet entitled "Safeguarding Your Family's Future," published by the Trust Company Division of the American Bankers Association. Trust companies throughout the country have supplies of the booklet for free distribution. Ask one of these companies or write to the address below for a copy.

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AMERICAN BANKERS ASSOCIATION
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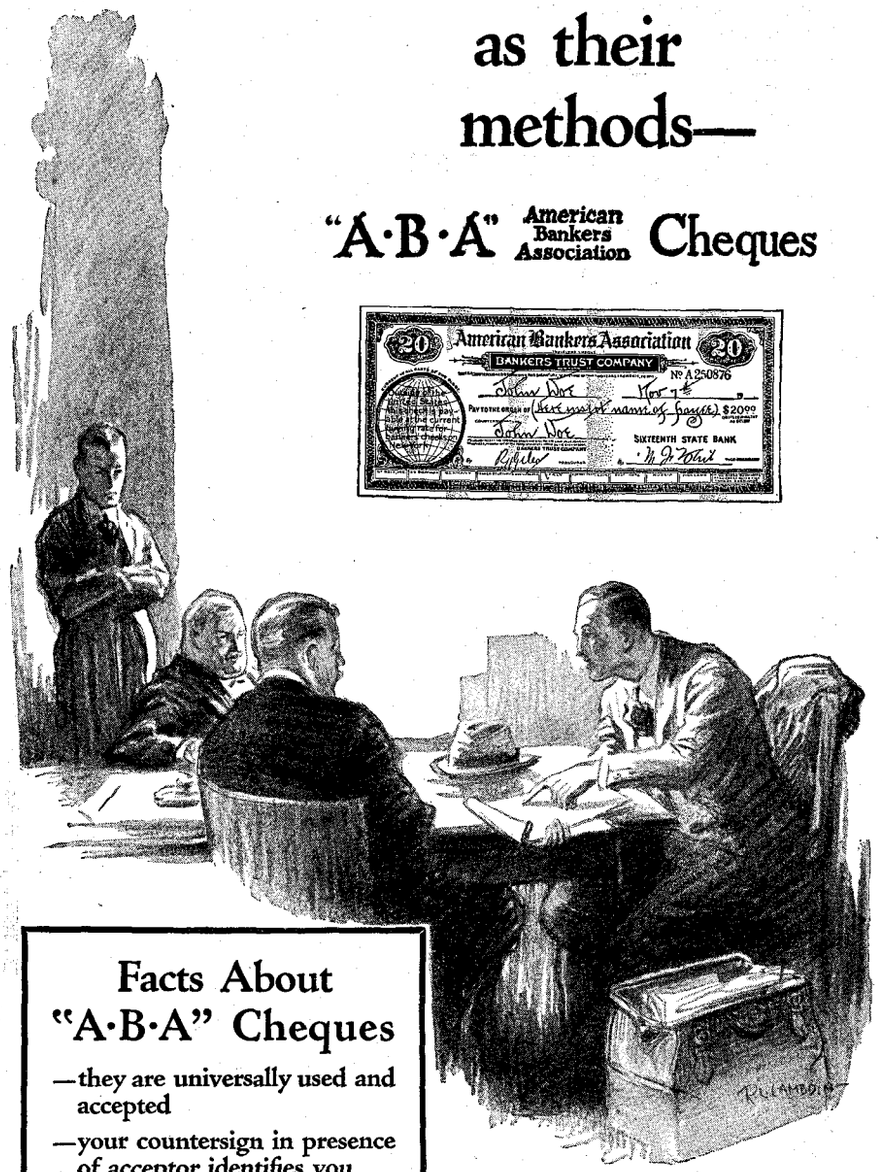

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New York City

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Q. Please tell me something about the 15 year 6½ per cent Equipment Trust Gold Certificates of the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada, Series "F," due 1936.

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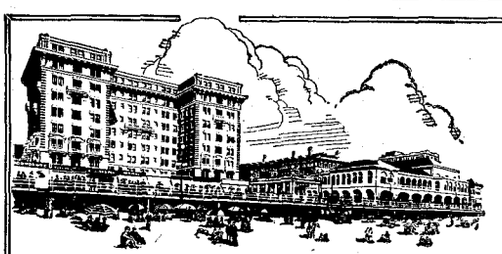

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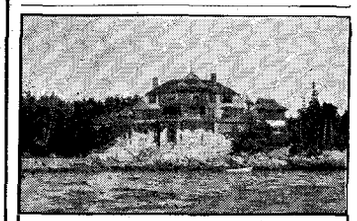
Real Estate

MAINE



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